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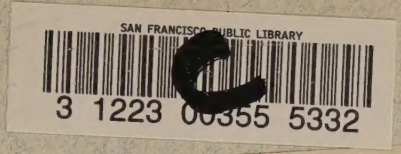

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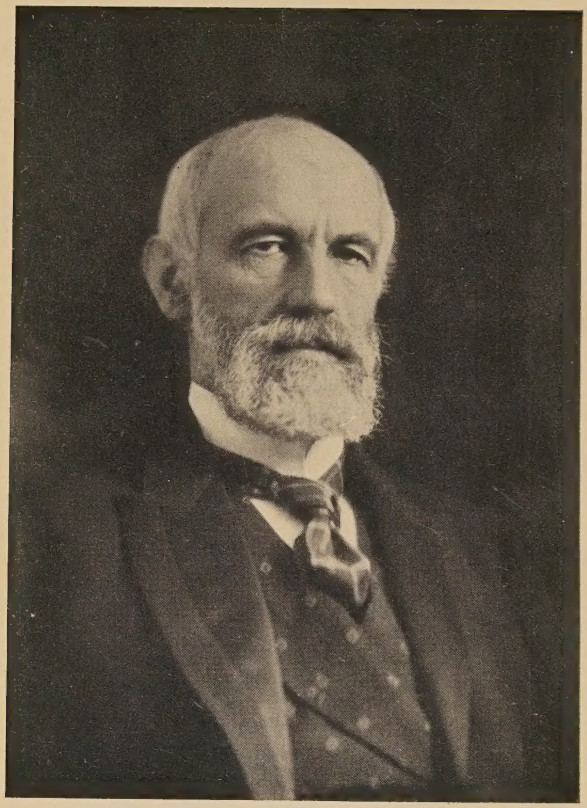

G. Stanley Hall

G. Stanley Hall

A Biography of a Mind

by

Lorine Pruette

with an introduction by

Carl Van Doren

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1926

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To

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INTRODUCTION

In any number of senses biography is the basis of all study. History we must now and then examine in the singular, that is, as biography. Philosophers the most abstruse and rigorous betray somewhere or other the "pragmatic grouch" which lies behind their systems. In art, of course, matter and method are very nearly the man himself. If science is less, religion is even more, a question of personality than any other subject of human concern. For every moral principle there are a dozen proverbs, and for every proverb a hundred stories of how men have really or fictitiously behaved. It is singular that there has never been produced, in all the history of literature, a single eminent treatise on the art and science of biography.

The student of biography is bound to inquire into the strange problem of the motives of biographers. Think of the vast credulity, not to say mendacity, of the writers of saints' lives in all ages, from the most pious monk, reporting a miracle which he says he has seen, to Mason Locke Weems, yarning about the virtues of George Washington which Weems knows he has invented. No lie is too ab-

surd or too gigantic in these good causes. Or think of earnest men coolly blackening the names of the unapproved, as when a thousand pens maligned Voltaire for the glory of the Church. Even the autobiographers cannot be trusted. Ethan Allen, that blunt patriot and backwoods heretic, puts into his own mouth set harangues which he says he uttered in the heat of action, but which he could have composed only in more deliberate, more classical hours, when he was remembering Cæsar and Thucydides. And think of the difficulty we have in separating fact from fiction in the work of those two other robust souls who had traveled too far to be expertly doubted—George Borrow and Herman Melville. Biography has nearly always been the tool equally of the moralist and the fictionist. To bring the matter closer to our honest day, think of sincere conservatives and sincere radicals, in many departments of opinion, finding in each other's confused search for sound ideas and policies only evil-hearted plots against the order of the world as it is or as it should be. To all appearances, fiction is the native dialect of mankind, and the truth an esoteric language as yet but imperfectly learned and little loved.

The study of biography, however, must go further than the mere analysis of error if it is to be useful. At the present time its very particular duty

is to heal some of the wounds analysis has made, and to restore to the conception of human personality, as Lorine Pruette helps to do in the present study of G. Stanley Hall, something of the unity which we often forget that personality has. We all know it will not do to divide the mind into its faculties as if they were merely associated entities. We know well enough that in morals there are few blacks and whites, few angels and devils, few heroes and villains. The great difficulty is to instruct the uninformed without dividing the moral universe in this convenient and dramatic way and yet without troubling them in their search for the rules of worthy conduct. At this point the realistic study of biography comes most valuably to the rescue. Such abstractions as the intellect, the emotions, and the will, the absolute saint and the unregenerate sinner, the economic man, the genius, the mystic—all these lose their power to mislead when not ideas but persons are studied; or, rather, when the ideas are studied as things observed in the persons instead of things which the persons exist only to exemplify. Half, perhaps most, of the heroes of the race are to their admirers little more than machines, remote and wrongly seen for the reason that imaginative literature has made some revelations of them here, and history there, and religion or science at some other place, but there has been nothing to weld the

elements into one single person. It is really absurd. We do not expect a living man to go on living when he has been cut to pieces. We have no better reason to think that a dead man can live piecemeal.

Perhaps we Americans, with our republican partiality for simple characters, are specially in need of the study of more complex types, such as President Hall belonged to. As a nation we are very unfamiliar with them; our history lacks them, our literature lacks them, or has lacked them until lately. Everywhere may be found the human need for fellowship with large and abundant natures. "I do not travel," said Emerson somewhat symbolically, "to find comfortable, rich, and hospitable people, or clear sky, or ingots that cost too much. But if there were any magnet that would point to the countries and houses where are the persons who are intrinsically rich and powerful, I would sell all and buy it, and put myself on the road to-day." If biography is not that magnet, nothing is, and a good collection of biographies is that excellent country of the intrinsically rich and powerful. Even though some of the records are fragmentary and partizan, something emerges when we study the life of a great man sympathetically that is more than any of his particular aspects, something central and impressive. It is the contagion which his actual

associates caught from him, the personality which in some mysterious way survives and shines through the rubbish of legend or controversy which may have obscured it. By this rubbish most great men are known, and misknown. To have gone behind it to one genuinely important person is to have learned what no wealth of surface knowledge can give. To have read this book is to have done that on an important occasion.

CARL VAN DOREN

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The Playboy of Western Scholarship

SEVERAL years before his death a student asked G. Stanley Hall to write him a personal letter outlining the main stages of his life. This letter is reproduced here as a form of introduction to the man himself:

I sometimes think my life has been a series of fads or crazes. At any rate, I have had various vocational ideas. At ten I was allowed to have a gun, and for several years my fancy ran riot about hunting big game. I read everything I could get about wild animals, and did a lot of gunning in the country. Then at fourteen I vowed I would dedicate myself to music, and took lessons. I had no talent but did become organist in a rural church (the requirements were very small).

I had an Emerson-Carlyle-Coleridge craze that I well remember in college, and then one for the history of philosophy, which took me three years to Germany where I studied nothing else. I have done a lot of teaching in this field, rather specializing different years on Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, etc.

When I got hold of the first edition of Wundt's "Psychology" I became infatuated, resigned my professorship, and rushed over to Leipzig, where I was told Wundt was not considered a very good physiologist. And so I worked

with Ludwig in his laboratory and with Helmholtz and Kronecker at Berlin for three years. When I came back, my laboratory was the first in the country, to which I devoted all my time for several years with Dewey, Cattell, Donaldson, Jastrow, and others as my pupils.

Then my child-study craze arose, and for some years at Baltimore and for more years after coming here we did no end of questionnaire work. If I remember rightly, we have issued some one hundred and fifty questionnaires on all kinds of topics, realizing fully nevertheless the limitations of the method.

Psycho-analysis, merging over into the study of nutrition in the way started by Pawlow, Turro, and others has been the last obsession, unless I except war psychology, on which I have a book coming out.

It is lucky for me that these fads have been more or less in the same or kindred fields; otherwise I should have smattered more than I have. The books I have published—"Adolescence," "Educational Problems," "Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology"—consist of matter on which I have lectured for many years. They were rather more sustained interests but never so intense, so that I am now looking forward with great longing to the hope of a Ciceronian old age when I can retire and produce my *magnum opus* on the feelings, sentiments and emotions.

To me psychology, for the most part, to-day lives, moves, and has its being in a pre-Darwinian age. There has hardly ever been a genetic paper of any kind read out of the four or five hundred presented at the meeting of the American Psychological Association, which, by the way, was organized in my house. Psycho-analysis in its larger scope, such as Jung has seen better than Freud, marks the advent of

geneticism in this domain, and it is making about as much of a hullabaloo now as Darwinism did among the clergy when the "Origin of Species" was published. Perhaps there is somewhere in this country a good course of psychology given on this new line that is certain to sweep everything before it, but if there is I do not know of it. I believe I am the only professor outside of medical schools who belongs to our Psycho-analytic Association, but a view so large that it undercuts philosophy itself and analyzes philosophers, that it gives us a new basis for religion, a new interpretation of history, a new method of biography, a new conception of the child, a just view of disease, of all kinds of psychic troubles, is now looming up, and a few of the stock psychologists are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall. My own study and teaching in this field has rejuvenated me, and I think I see even more than is yet manifest in the new Freudianism, ridded of its excessive stress on sex and broadened into a philosophy of life as well as a prophylactic and a therapeutic system.

This letter is so representative of the man that it alone is sufficient justification for characterizing him as the Playboy of Western Scholarship. Starting out to give the main details of his life, he neglects births, marriages, deaths, positions and honors, to write a history of his enthusiasms and in doing this he skims blithely over the surface of psychological development for the past fifty years. With an engaging naïveté he sees the main fields of psychology important in the light of what he thinks of them,

and because he was most interested in the feelings and emotions he conceived of this line of inquiry as most significant of all. He played with ideas and made a glorious game of them. For this reason it is fitting that his first biography should be most essentially a biography of a mind. It was in his ideas, more than in the everyday details of his life, that the man most truly realized himself, and the history of his eighty years must be the story of expanding knowledge, of growing personality and of increasing enthusiasm in the pursuit of truth.

For two years I visited Hall repeatedly, sat in his shabby old study or in the library that never was comfortably warm through the whole New England winter, and talked with him about a multitude of things. For one year I was his student, attending all his lectures and sitting in the famous Monday-night seminars, while for four years he read and criticized practically everything I wrote. Thus this record of his personality may be at all points somewhat warped by my enthusiasm for him, by my remembrance of the stimulation and joy he brought into my life. When I first met "G. Stanley" he was in his middle seventies while I was twenty-two; I was old with the excessive, luxurious age of youth and he was young as he had always been, the peren-

nial adolescent. Hope and faith and zest and courage were the things he sought to teach us—those gifts of the spirit which he lavished upon the least of his students. A Canadian student has expressed a feeling that must be common to a great many: "I only touched the hem of his garment, and yet it was a healing touch. I would not give the months I spent at Clark for any other period of my life."

* * *

The death of a great man, even if he is but a dim figure on one's horizon, is likely to produce a moment's sadness, a flash of amazement that mortality has dared to approach the godhead; but when one has known and loved such a man, has been accustomed to return to him for strength and courage and renewed vision, his death becomes a catastrophic event, like a sudden convulsion of nature, senseless in the violence of its destruction.

Hall's memory must of course live mainly in his writings and in the impression he made upon the intellectual life of his time, but to those who knew the Playboy "the man was at all points greater than what he had published."

He had such a flair for living, and he is dead. He had such inexhaustible enthusiasm for life, an en-

thusiasm which his almost eighty years was called upon time and again to communicate to the flagging spirits of students in their twenties who had grown old with the World War. He enjoyed so the good things of life, from the perfect dinner to the perfect symphony. There was so much yet for him to do: his finest book he saw shaping itself in the future, and death for him held all the horrors of annihilation—destruction of the keen brain, reduction to nothingness of all the stored wisdom he had acquired through the years. Yet when he knew himself as old, past the allotted span of life, he did not run whimpering, like a child frightened by the dark, to hide behind the skirts of Mother Church; gallantly he faced what seemed to him to be the truth, and went toward death, as he had lived, in the pride of an austere loneliness.

He thrilled to the inspiring story of the coming up of life, of its emergence out of primordial waters into the conquest of land and air, of its ascent through ceaseless struggle in the day of man and man's civilization, and he looked forward to unheard-of developments, undreamed-of extensions of the human soul. It is the peculiar sadness of those who knew him that his great brain and his great heart have no further value, save to molder into

dust, and that the soul which had known and felt so much, which had so delighted in the evolutionary sweep upward and in the genetic growth of mind, shall, according to his own views, know and feel no more, while the onward rush of the life force will pass perpetually by him, unheeded.

CHAPTER I

The Boy Climbs a High Hill, Whence He Surveys the Surrounding Country

We must find, or make and ascend a new outlook tower high enough to command the whole earth.

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist.

The Boy Climbs a High Hill

THERE was one part of the country that Stanley had never explored, although its green-wooded summit had held his fancy for many days. Particularly when he had chores to do—bringing in wood or getting water or feeding the pigs—that old hill had called to him most seductively.

He liked to climb hills anyway, and this was the highest hill of all. As he worked and played on the new farm in Ashfield he began to plan his expedition to that high hill. He selected Sunday as the best day for his purpose, for there were not so many jobs to be done on that day. He must be free to gain all that could be gained out of climbing the hill. There must be no unfulfilled obligations at home to make him unhappy when he returned, and there must be no curious, watchful eyes to study him. For when a boy goes off alone to climb a high hill there is no telling what adventures may befall him. He may become so changed that anyone can see he has been through something important. Anyhow, he does not want people watching him and wondering

what he is up to. New England families have a caustic wit and a capacity for ridicule hurtful to a boy's shy dreams.

So Stanley slipped away on a Sunday to meet his first great adventure.

All this surrounding country was familiar to the boy. His grandfather's farm, where he had been born, was not far away, and he had roamed over most of the neighboring farms, indeed had lived on several. Since he had become a real man and carried a gun he had explored the region more than ever. Of course he brought his gun along on that special Sunday. Nobody who had a gun would go off on a big adventure without carrying it.

As Stanley went swinging along through the sunlight his eyes swept the country for sight of wild animals. He had heard a tiger moving in the brush one night, and if he had had a gun *then* there'd have been a dead tiger found next morning in the cow pasture. There were panthers, too, sleek ones that spring at you, and there were mountain lions. And of course bears and wolves and other *common* wild animals. He thought very probably he might kill two or three this morning. Then wouldn't everybody be surprised!

A boy went up a hill on a Sunday morning, amus-

ing himself with half-believed fairy tales. A boy went swinging along, carrying a gun, hunting in the jungle for big game. But the boy who went up to that hilltop never came down. His place was taken on the twilight return by an older lad, whose face and long legs were indeed the boy's, but whose mind and heart held more than the boy's had ever known.

In some ways it seems rather a pity, for he must have been an attractive boy, and he was very young to come upon his initiation into manhood. He had not yet really got used to adding 'teen' to the tale of his years when he went on that long walk, and he was not to take it again until he was beginning to say his age with 'sixty.' Golly, that teen-age boy might have cried as his sturdy legs took him up the rough ascent and as his lungs breathed in gratefully the fresh, keen air, think of me at sixty climbing this hill! Think of me being sixty at all! Golly, what do you think of that?

The boy who went up the hill was a farm boy. All his years had been passed in the country and he knew and loved the rocks and trees of his Massachusetts district. He had hung over deep wells and reached up for strange mosses that grew upon rocky ledges. Under a stone in the brook he had caught a great fish with a pin hook. He had known the

coming and going of the seasons and the various aspects of the countryside. In the winter there had been the fun of helping to dig a team out of the deep snow. In the spring there had been the clear joy of rushing brooks and the excitement of finding jacks-in-the-pulpit in a damp place in the woods. On harvest mornings there had been the fun of watching the men swing their scythes in unison for three hours and of bringing them, with an air of great importance, the nine o'clock 'baiting'; the men would pause for fifteen minutes in the shade of a high rock to drink the mixture of vinegar, molasses, ginger and water and eat thick quarters of apple pie, and then for a few moments they would talk while an eager boy listened. There had been the exhilaration of strutting proudly, barefoot, through poison ivy to show that one was different from other people and immune from their little ills. The boy had had an icy hill to go sliding on, and he knew a fascinating and forbidden swimming hole. He had known the place in the barn, an old knothole, through which the swallows entered. He had seen the sun shining like a miracle through the beeches and sifting down across the tender green of young ferns. There had been a day when he shot a crow. There had been another day when he caught a mink. He

had quarreled with the hired man, who had retaliated by hitting him with the ox whip. He had gathered buttercups and clovers. He had had a fight with a boy after school.

And he had a gun. That was still the biggest thing that had come to him. Of course he liked books too, particularly when his mother read to the three children, as she so often did in the evening, and sometimes in the middle of the day. She would read to them even in harvesting time. That showed how important she felt books to be. When his eyes had grown dim from more than half a century of reading for himself, Hall was to return to his early enjoyment of being read to, and he was to sit, an old man in a quiet study, while students read to him in German or French or English out of great tomes with long scientific names of which that country lad had never heard.

It was a good thing to have such a house and such a farm and such a mother to read one stories. They all fitted together so nicely. In the old home there had been a dark closet, a terrible place where Bluebeard slew his wife. And in the pasture was an elm which marked the very spot where the demon in the Arabian Nights escaped from the bottle. There was a hill for Bunyan's Hill of Difficulty and a boggy

place in the cowpath for the Slough of Despond. Down below the dam, just behind the willows, Moses lay among the bulrushes, and on a large pile of stones in the east lot Abraham was perpetually about to sacrifice Isaac. A lovely clump of hemlocks effectively concealed the Sleeping Beauty. Oberon lived out in the meadow in the summer, but he could be seen only by twilight or in the morning, very early. Monkeys lived in a hollow maple tree and were always about to be seen, although they never were.

The rise and fall of the land, the brooks and ponds, the smooth rocks and the big rough boulders, the wintergreens, the elders and sumachs, the groups of spruce, hemlock, willow, white poplar and many other trees—impressions of these and of the sun and the rain and the snow were to linger with Hall all his life and to be treasured as a veritable part of his being. He was to write in his old age: "I hark back to all the old local associations in these spots with a piety that is almost filial toward the very trees and rocks." And when, after half a lifetime, the old man of whom that young hill-climber was father returned for a curious pilgrimage to these fields and mountains, he was to say, as a psychologist commenting on these early periods of his development:

"The influence of the environment at this very formative and plastic age of rapid brain change must have been great, and I cannot but believe that my psychic organization would have been quite different had I passed this period of my life upon a prairie."

Hall was a country lad and a country man. To the very end of his eighty years he was to glory in the sharply delineated types that the countryside produced, he was to feel that in these farmers struggling with a grudging New England soil the nation had a solid foundation of genuine worth. Always he delighted in the multitude of things to be done with the hand in country and village life. As a boy he became familiar with wood-working, with the local tannery, with canoe-making, with butchering and with weaving. He watched the harness-maker and saddler at his work and he haunted the local smithy. But in his later years in a city, as president of a university, he was to delight most of all in the memories of Yankee wit that he brought with him from the country life of his boyhood, and he enjoyed repeating them in his seminar class and sometimes in his books. "There was the story, too, of Stephen and Ann. They were courting one Sunday evening in the kitchen (which contained but one

chair and yet no one was standing) when she suddenly asked him if he was not tired of holding her. He gallantly replied, 'Not a mite, Ann, keep right on settin' just where you be. I was powerful tired an hour ago but now I'm numb.' "

We like to think that the child is father of the man, but in this New England lad who climbed the high hill on that Sunday long ago there was little apparent promise of the greatness that was to come to the man. It has even been said that Stanley was slow in developing intellectually, but this probably means that he was slow in giving proof of his development. He had been writing since an early age: there was one prized composition on "The Rat" and others on the various animals in which he was interested; there had been one or two attempts at poetry with terrible results; and there were certain short stories which no one but a girl cousin had ever seen, blood-and-thunder things with dungeons and castles and struggles with wild beasts, burning love, hair-breadth escapes and all the lurid lights of melodrama. The boy who went up the hill had been leading an inner life of growth and speculation and it was to satisfy the needs of this inner life that he set off on his solitary expedition.

Throughout his life Hall was to be a faddist on

hill-climbing, "because it exercises the heart and lungs so much neglected in sedentary habits, and exercising just those movements most natural and healthy, gives a sense of overcoming and surmounting with a peculiar exhilaration on every hilltop attained, with a sentiment of victory in the doing, of breadth and exultation in the end." In Worcester, in the later years, there was a special walk beyond the University and up the hill which Hall took repeatedly, day after day. Did he go on that walk and up that hill to escape the many desperate problems that confronted him? And did he find that 'sense of overcoming and surmounting,' did he gain strength and courage from a 'peculiar exhilaration on every hilltop attained,' and find recompense for many failures and disappointments in a 'sentiment of victory'? We may hope that on many a windswept summit the man found something of the exhilaration and exaltation that came to the boy Stanley on that Sunday morning.

Up the hill young Stanley went, stretching his long legs, feeling his heart beat fast from the exercise, filling his lungs with the clear, fine air, till finally he gained the top. There he must have paused to look to the west and then to the east and finally all about him. How widespread were the

valleys, how deeply wooded the hills! Probably the boy shaded his eyes and tried to pick out the most distant spot he could manage to see. That would have been like him, to pick out the most distant spot. But we know that he had other more serious matters in mind than a mere survey of the immediately surrounding country. He had gone up to the top of a high hill to survey the world and to look deeply into—himself.

There before him stretched all the various possibilities of endeavor, a world rich, fecund, teeming with all manner of adventures. Everything lies at the feet of the adolescent. He has only to reach out and take what he desires, so a single swift, exhilarating glance may suffice for a survey of the world. The adolescent turns to the conscientious study of himself as really the greater problem. What is it that he wants? Ah, that is the difficulty, for the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts and the desires of youth are out of time and out of space, illimitable.

Yet he must decide what he most wants. He must find those things which belong most truly to him and to him alone, by virtue of his very being, by reason of his complete and amazing difference from all other creatures in the world. For every

adolescent knows himself to be unique, and the day on which he realizes how like he is to other most ordinary and uninteresting mortals is the day when he begins to grow old. Given such an amazing personality, it is necessary for a boy to study himself carefully, to treat himself with exaggerated seriousness. He must know himself, comprehend his deepest depths and his greatest heights, in order to decide for which of all the bright prizes of the future to reach out. They are all there to be plucked. The clever boy has only to reach across the wall to attain the trees that grow in the gardens of the gods, so it is very important that he know which of the rich fruits hanging there are most truly his, which belong by undeniable affinity to him and to him alone.

Young Stanley Hall sought to sum himself up. Here a good point! There a bad point! Do they balance off each other? Or is there after all a slight balance on the *good* side? The long hours of youth that pass in this delicious business of summing up!—for youth is the deepest, if not the most accurate, student of personality. Stanley knew himself to be a hard worker and possessed of thrilling and marvelous ideas. But also he knew himself as proud and sensitive and shy. He knew himself to have a good mind and a tremendous ambition. Nothing

that the world held could be beyond the demands of that ambitious boy, and so fair a picture of the future did his imagination paint that for a long time he would not allow himself to return to that hilltop because he had failed to attain the gleaming heights of his dream.

Hall himself, in later writings, called attention to his vigil upon the hilltop as similar to certain practices among the Indians and other primitive tribes. The youth goes solitary away, often fasting, often with purposely inflicted wounds, to watch and wait alone upon a mountain. He may not return to his tribe and to the initiation into manhood until the vision has come to him. When he sees and knows his vision whole, the youth goes down the mountain side, back to the waiting tribe, and is with solemn and fitting ceremony ushered into man's estate.

But the civilized boy has no such assistance in the bitter struggle that marks the change from childhood to manhood; his is the burden of finding his way alone.

Stanley Hall on his hilltop found the way.

Tramping the summit, thrashing about in a rage that was partly exaltation, growing more and more fatigued with the passing of the hours and with the effort of his first great psychological experiment, he

came to a solemn conviction and vowed aloud that he would overcome all obstacles, that nothing should daunt him, nothing should prevent his climbing to the very top of the trees and seizing the last golden apple hanging there.

He swore that he was going to do something in the world.

He told the friendly trees and the indifferent winds that he was going to *be* something in the world.

After many years, in connection with his later visit, he was to write about this experience: "It was a resolve, vow, prayer, idealization, life plan, all in a jumble, but it was an experience that has always stood out so prominently in my memory that I found this revisitation solemn and almost sacramental. Something certainly took place in my soul then."

Finally the boy, who was never to be quite the same boy again, came down the hillside path. His eyes must have been shining then, his step must have been the firm, exultant tread of a conqueror. He was going to college. That was settled. No matter what opposed this plan—and there might be much to oppose so ambitious a scheme, from a stern father who needed a growing boy on the farm to the combined sentiment of a narrow, inquisitive and critical

New England community—he was going to college. That was the first step in the way of doing and becoming something in the world. "And that hill will always remain my Pisgah and Moriah in one."

Many years later Hall wrote an attractive story about this hilltop experience in which he added one further feature to his own account. In "How Johnny's Vision Came True" we read of a youngster who set off blithely, carrying his gun as he climbed the hill, to meet upon that hilltop with a great adventure, so great indeed that when he went away the formerly treasured gun was forgot; for at the end of his vigil he was lifted up beyond and above himself by the vision of a woman utterly desirable in all ways, serving as the complement entirely of his nature and his longings, who enfolded him in an embrace half maternal, half lover-like, while all his troubles sank from him and he found himself at perfect peace. Later, of course, Johnny encountered the very image of this dream lady, discovered with her that each was the other's ideal, married her, and lived happily ever after. If truth must be told, this story is not nearly so good as it might have been in other hands. Something in the fact of writing fiction was always to check Hall's natural and beautiful style, to dry up the best of his

phrases and leave a residue that is flat and lifeless beside much of his non-fiction. Perhaps his enemies would say that he wrote his best fiction when he thought he was writing science.

Johnny's vision came true, and so did Stanley's. The lad who determined to go to college was to go to college probably more than any one else in his generation—studying in America and Germany for many years, founding at Johns Hopkins the first psychological laboratory in the United States, and coming finally to build out of his spirit, out of the toil of his body and mind, a University at Clark which was like no other university in the country, an institution which was to live and die as a maker of men, as a developer of scholars who were to prize wisdom and to set above all else the addition of something of value to the sum total of human knowledge. Stanley's vision of doing something came true, although much that he did was wiped out before his eyes in the last dark years of destruction. His vision of being something also was realized, and this is the truest greatness. Above his scientific contributions, above his many years of labor as an executive and a teacher, the man's personality shines forth as most important of all. The lad who wanted to be something in the world was to become a great

personality, leaving his mark upon all who came near him and infusing into others something of his own vital and abundant spirit.

In his eighty years of life Hall was to see visions come true and visions fade away, but through all the years, working, suffering, fighting, loving, he was to put himself amazingly into life. And he was to get amazingly much out of life. A boy climbed a high hill in search of his first adventure, and the life of the man he was to become, although passed in the apparent quietude of a scholar's study, is the story of an adventure in the far reaches of the spirit.

CHAPTER II

The Puritan

Every religion and every society goes through the modulus of giving pain before pleasure. If you have been through the tragic side of life, you have immunity against becoming depressed and losing heart, and against the danger of too much complacency. The soul becomes more elastic, able to react from more pain and strain, and if you have too much joy, you are yet able to realize the tragic side of life. . . .

The practical conclusion is that not only therapy but education must utilize these possibilities of pleasure and pain to the utmost. We must be seasoned to take pleasure in what we ought and to find pain where we should.

From lecture notes.

The Puritan

STANLEY HALL was born midway of those 'fabulous forties' of a fabulous century. P. T. Barnum was humbugging the public with his mermaids and dwarfs and educating it with his boa constrictors and camelopards and orang-outangs. The Italian Opera Company had at last appeared at the Astor Place Opera House to give self-conscious New York society its first supremely heady sensation of cosmopolitanism. Mr. Dickens had spoken his mind concerning these United States, arousing the ire of all honest patriots even though he had recognized the intellectual superiority and refinement of Boston, with its lyceums and societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge. It was a time when mobs could riot in the streets, even under the fire of the militia, because an English actor and a native rival found points of dispute in the acting of Macbeth; it was a time when young gentlemen of fashion could be so gloriously conscious of their position as to draw the carriage of 'the divine Fanny' Elssler through the streets.

Godey's Lady's Book was the favorite magazine of a people already addicted to magazine reading and already indifferent to books. By 1848 Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton had organized the first woman-suffrage convention; but in the same period a woman writer was advising mothers: "Stimulate the sensibilities of your boys, and blunt those of your girls"; while another writer, a man this one, was declaring: "Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of Heaven, swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all, acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper." Let the twentieth-century man look back to those glorious forties as a monarch fallen from his high estate!

All these elements of the American scene, the native culture complex, presented themselves to Stanley as interesting, sometimes fascinating, aspects of life. His simple New England home was to foster a love of music and he was to join with gusto in the community singing. His home could scarcely encourage a love of the stage—that must come later as one of the intoxicating phases of New York; later life was to bring him friendships with great actresses and for the end a series of pretty

photographs and a memory of lovely women. He was to like circuses, as he did everything where humanity showed itself most naturally, and orang-outangs and other apes were to exercise a certain fascination. He was to love books, and to live for books, in an age which had little use for books, and he was to set himself squarely against the complacent egoism of the male, believing that women should have the fullest opportunity for development as individuals.

In the forties the march was on to Oregon and the far reaches of the Northwest, and the gold rush was beginning. Soon it stirred Jonas Clark to wonder if a thrifty New England wagonmaker might not make more money by following the forty-niners to California and selling them pots and pans and chairs to sit upon. If Clark had not proved his theory true and returned to Worcester to establish a university for poor boys like himself, thus to show the snobbish aristocrats a few things, Stanley Hall's destiny would have been different. Perhaps it would have been happier and more productive along scientific lines. Recalling the splendid beginning made at Johns Hopkins and the perpetual disappointments which were to come from Clark University, one can readily believe that Hall's life

would have been happier had Jonas died of a fever in some forgotten California mining town.

The forties was a period of advancing frontiers, of comfort and elegance, of hardships and vulgarity, of astonishing prudery and amazing coarseness. There were birth-control advertisements running openly in the papers, and there were moral outbursts over the lack of clothing of "The Greek Slave," and New York offered popular shows of 'models' even in those days, but without the artists. Morning prayers were a common part of household routine, and children must be obedient to their parents, and William Lloyd Garrison was already annoying a great many persons by his abolitionist fervor.

This last was to touch Stanley most closely, for though he abhorred cruelty and had a profound belief in the rights of human beings regardless of color, he abhorred war also and could not bring himself to think of fighting. His father hired a substitute for him, at first to his immense chagrin but later to his great relief, and in the struggle of the sixties Stanley lived through a little of the neighborhood censure and bitterness which he was to see develop into the nation-wide persecution of the conscientious objector of 1917. That was a painful experience, and perhaps it brought him a certain tolerance and

understanding, which was to show itself in the later, more terrible war and to help him to keep his head while many who called themselves scientists were losing theirs.

In those same forties the word scientist was appearing for the first time in any dictionary. And Charles Darwin was occupying himself with the evidences of evolution.

Stanley Hall was a son of New England, born and reared in the austere, Puritanic atmosphere of the poor farmer family of that period. There is a bareness, a lack of softness, about his early life, a sense of angles and harsh lines, which is a little painful to contemplate, although in his last years Hall himself declared that he would not have had it otherwise. Minnigerode has a portrait of the people of that time: "The people of New England, it seems, were grave, though not without humor; many of their amusements were of a reflecting kind, and their conversation inclined rather to useful than to light or gay subjects. When not attending lectures, they spent a great deal of time, apparently, whittling sticks. They were moral and pious. If not ardent, they were to a great degree persevering, and though inquisitive they were equally communicative. They were shrewd and calculating, yet not deceitful. They

were extremely cautious, and seldom answered a direct question without knowing what was asked. The character of the Puritans had, of course, given a certain tone to the amusements and holidays, and theaters were seldom even fashionably attended." In Ashfield it was not so much lectures that were attended as church services, spelling bees and singing schools, and sometimes weighty debates upon important topics of the times, in the last of which Stanley's father participated, doing very well, it would seem, although his son always suffered an agony of concern—a mixture of pride and of fear of being shamed.

Hall was indeed a son of New England, shaped and inevitably stamped by the influences at work in the Ashfield township, against which he was at times to rebel but from which he was never to escape. Not for nothing did he acknowledge a filial feeling toward the rocks and hills and trees about Ashfield; he must equally have recognized his closeness to what we understand by Puritan ideals.

He had the homely, simple virtues, and the restraints, of men who have lived simply in their youth. He made a religion out of work; he was never able to escape the moral aspects of any question; he was always teleological in his treatment

of scientific data. One of his students, Sara Carolyn Fisher, writes: "He never completely shook off the influences of the Puritan outlook and doctrines among which he spent his earliest boyhood. . . . [There is] a perceptible emasculation in his writings when he is touching upon such themes as would be most emotionally loaded for the conservative, somewhat Puritan spirit." Dr. Fisher holds that it is this trend "which more than any other prevents Hall's books from being an expression of genius, however much of genius there was in his personality."

He had the optimism developed by people who labor in difficult circumstances and who must have faith as a part of their daily life. He lost his hope of heaven and substituted for it a belief in a new day which is yet to dawn upon this earth, a fairer day in which man is to reach out to and develop greater potentialities than he has even suspected to lie within himself.

He had a certain pride of family—not the pride of the Southerner who reverts to dreams of wide porches, of graceful women moving to a stately measure, of darkies singing in their quarters; nor yet the pride of the Westerner who has stories to tell of the hardships endured in the great trek across

the plains, of struggles with the Indians and with the wilderness, who telling these ancient tales of his ancestors excuses and even exults in the present crudity of his own civilization. An older, deeper pride was Hall's, the sturdy yeoman pride of old England, the pride that lies in work well done throughout the years. Ancestors on both sides had been in America a long time, the Halls since 1630, while on his mother's side could be traced a line of descent through a great grandmother back to John Alden, of *Mayflower* fame. Hall was interested in tracing the family history back into England, particularly his mother's line to John Beals, who died in Kent in 1399. Most of all he seems to have liked reports of the morality and usefulness of these ancestors. Of his immediate relatives in Massachusetts he reflected with pleasure that he had "never heard of a Hall in town (and they constituted perhaps one-fourth of the population) who ever committed a crime, was the subject of any scandal or, so far as I know, was guilty of a sharp or dishonest dealing of any kind."

He liked to think that his ancestors had been men who worked with their hands and lived, most of them, an outdoor life. Probably he valued these characteristics more than they ever did, because his

life was to take him so far from the simplicities of farmer or craftsman. In the subtleties of thought and the perplexities of executive decisions he was to look back upon this earlier history as to some vanished Eden which he could value, alas, only so long as he was himself permanently excluded from it.

In the stern and rather forbidding environment of his youth Hall heard a great deal about duty and very little about pleasure. Although there was, as evidenced by their letters, the deepest affection between his father and mother, the home was brightened by no demonstrations of this love; indeed he states that he never saw his father kiss his mother. The family must have been, at times, quite poor, and everybody had to work, even growing boys. Hall was never to forget the humiliation of his childhood when his father raised and sold pigs, and there were sundry offices connected with the care of the various animals which he never liked.

He carried with him all his life, as an unquestionable derivative from this early life of repression, a slight lack of ease in the little amiabilities of social intercourse. Comparing himself with William James, his friend and rival at Harvard, he wrote: "I think I do not lack the moods of exuberant effervescence and abandon so delightfully shown in

many of James' letters, although this in me has its outcrop only in social and personal relations with my closest intimates. At least I have felt intensely that I was never able to quite do justice to the spirit of camaraderie and good fellowship that I really feel." His friends felt it too. E. B. Titchener wrote after thirty years "that it was impossible to be intimate with him. . . . Almost from the first he seemed to treat me as—how shall I put it?—a sort of professional or psychological son; and my own regard for him has always had an element of quasi-filial affection. Yet, somehow or other, one never got quite inside him."

Because he did feel this inability to do justice to what he really felt, Hall cultivated a certain defensive formality which would protect him at times, just as he acquired, consciously and deliberately, a fine urbanity which he could assume or lay aside almost at will. He became a finished actor, so that the undiscriminating felt themselves met by a vigorous, jovial person before whom they might unbend. Vigorous he always was, jovial seldom. He might let himself go in a moment of wild puckishness, but he *chose* to let himself go; such exuberances did not descend upon him by accident. He was at his best in his play-acting, as usually happens, with persons

who did not know him well, so that they usually failed utterly to see the New Englander's reserve and hidden insufficiency, but carried away a charming picture of a delightful and amiable gentleman.

That he made such a personality for himself, building above the austerity and social timidity of his Puritan upbringing, should be regarded as one of his greatest triumphs. Tremendously introverted, he yet knew how to meet and deal with people. To a rare degree he consciously directed his behavior. Always a little afraid of women, he manifested in their presence a courtliness and charm of manner which delighted them utterly.

His concern with himself, with what he might have called the integration of his personality and its harmonization with the needs of the world, is closely akin to his mother's continued careful scrutiny of herself and of her growth in grace in the sight of God. Hence it is particularly fitting that Hall should quote, in his *Life and Confessions of a Psychologist*, from his mother's religious diary. The excerpts he gives do indeed illuminate, as he hoped, his mother's inner life and character, but they are even more significant to us because of the manner in which they foreshadow the psychologist's own concern with the inner life of growth and improvement.

In 1855 the young mother, harassed by poverty, the heavy work of a farmhouse and the cares of young children, wrote: "Conflicting emotions arise as I review the past year and my past life. The mercies of the past year have abounded and a measure of gratitude arises. A hope of salvation I still cherish (through grace) but what are the advances in piety I have made? Seventeen years a professor of religion and what have I done to show my attachment to Christ and his cause?"

Two years later she expressed her concern over the importance of personal influence, and similar thoughts must often have visited her son when occasion demanded that he take a definite part in influencing the lives of others. "The power and extent of individual influence has been a theme of frequent meditation of late, and how fearful the thought that I may have already set in motion influences for evil which are to have a widening range through all time. With what prayerful carefulness should I order my speech, my every tone of voice, all the particulars of manner which go to make up the general deportment. I have regarded this matter far too little. I am a mother, and what is my influence on my children on whose young hearts are made ineffaceable impressions which have a bearing on their

character through time, and also their future destiny? It is a solemn inquiry and awakens sad reflections. I would this day be stimulated anew to greater watchfulness on this point that in all things my mite of influence may tell for good on my children to the remotest generations."

Abigail Beals need not have passed her Sabbaths in such soul-searching reveries. Her influence upon her children seems to have been of an unusually salutary character. Stanley was never to escape from this influence, nor desire to escape, although the mother must often have felt, as she watched him grow away from her in religion especially, that God was leading him through strange paths to a final usefulness. She never failed to try to read all that he wrote, coming, however, at last to realize, with both pleasure and pain, that she could no longer follow or understand. His father, between whom and young Stanley there had been no great amount of confidence, seemed finally to accept his son's guidance in intellectual matters in a manner to suggest that his own mind had long been reaching out after similar attitudes without quite being able, alone, to attain them.

Hall writes of the quick temper of his father. He was himself a great believer in the hygienic value

of anger. Few saw him angry but no one could doubt his capacity for strong and sudden feeling. He felt that every one should have experiences of anger. However (the Puritan in him speaks), the objects of anger should serve some social purpose, rather than merely individual gratification, and boys should be taught boxing so as to learn control. He liked to say that we can never know our friends until we have made them really angry, and there must be many who have known the experience of coming to a closer and truer understanding after having participated in a scene of passionate anger. It is surprising that Hall should have failed to note and comment upon the psychic parallel here with sex.

He exalted original tendencies, such as anger, only to exalt the sublimation of these tendencies even more. Despite all his theories of freedom for the individual, he always came back to some disguised form of control. The Pagan in him was to teach him many things but the Puritan was always to hold the whip-hand. For himself, sublimation of the coarser feelings would seem to have been particularly easy. He could become explosively angry, swear and show his anger generally, but he could not retain this feeling. Thus it was difficult for him to hate, for he could not retain his anger long enough

to transform it into hatred. Often this was not appreciated by his many enemies. Men might treasure against him the results of a dispute or antagonism of years past, finding nothing too unflattering to say about him, always expecting him to say unkind things about them, while Hall was himself serenely innocent of any hatred or resentment.

He often said unkind things and could make cutting remarks, but he seemed to reserve his sarcasm and reproof for intellectual slackers. It was the man who did not try or the man who was insincere in his thinking for whom Hall brought out his weapons. For the merely stupid he had a marvelous patience, even gentleness. If he had been an irritable, nervous man he could never have had such patience. At times it seemed indeed extraordinary that one whose own mental reactions were so astonishingly quick could take the time and pains he often took with the slow and the dull. He made a curious distinction between stupidity and insincerity. He seemed to feel that the individual could not affect the level of his mental capacity but that he *was* responsible for his industriousness. Every one could *try*. Here again we see the Puritan influence of his early home. God would judge a man, not by his results, but by his efforts.

The completely scientific attitude, however, would hold the individual no more responsible for his lack of trying than for his lack of brains. There is no more room for free will to creep into the personality traits than into intelligence. All that we are now learning about the glandular bases of personality—plus what some are imagining—makes a physiological basis of the emotions seem as assured as the hereditary determination of mental capacity. Had Hall himself been a victim of dyspepsia, let us say, his attitude of patience with stupidity would surely have been less marked.

But Hall was never completely scientific. He was much too aggressive, too virile, to be willing to remain within the boundaries of science, within the known and the tried. Besides, he had too much imagination. He was willing to take a long chance of being wrong for a small chance of being right. It was this that made him seem to his more cautious and earth-bound confrères so daring, so reckless even, of his reputation, and so much of a speculator in psychic values.

Believing that the individual should try, and could try, to do better and better, he was always intent upon opening new horizons and disclosing new possibilities for man. He was the modern

saver of souls, working not by appeals to conscience but by the process of stimulus and response. Demanding much of men, he often received much in return. He was, like that Jesus he so revered as a great and good man, a fisher of men. He wanted to save their souls, when science was hinting very vigorously that they had no souls to be saved; he wished to see them go forward to new and finer personalities; he sought to make men out of vegetables. And strangest of all, he sometimes succeeded.

He was concerned with saving his own soul too, not for some hypothetical heaven, but for this world. This he disguised under concern for his own emancipation. He wrote, indeed: "In the views I have attained of man, his place in nature, his origin and destiny, I believe I have become a riper product of the present stage of civilization than most of my contemporaries, have outgrown more superstitions, attained clearer insights, and have a deeper sense of peace with myself."

He was a Puritan in his rebellion against superstitions and illusions, for Puritans have always been rebels of one sort or another and they fulfill their purpose best when they are a dissenting minority. In his youth he rebelled against the narrowness of creed in the New Englanders about him, against the

æsthetic barrenness of their life, against the lack of culture, against the absence of intellectual stimulation. A student writes of him: "Stanley Hall was possessed of a vigor, curiosity and intolerance of restraint which made adjustment to the piety and complacent aridity of the New England of the sixties an impossibility. . . . His spirit of criticism of prevailing trends, his revolt, and his enthusiasm for European institutions aroused the distrust of the type of college president then common, and so served as a handicap in most of the academic openings of the time. These very qualities, however, rendered him peculiarly adapted to such an institution as the newly founded and for psychology very happily timed Johns Hopkins University . . . for the founding at Hopkins in 1882 of the first psychological laboratory." And again: "His psychology itself was too much based on revolt, on complaint with existing philosophical systems as opposed to careful 'inside' criticism of them, and was too anarchistic, to be likely to withstand the test of time."

But if he rebelled against many of the conditions which he found in New England as he grew up, he never rebelled against the persons who embodied those conditions and kept them alive. The Freudians may seek to find the key to his behavior in a

revolt against a stern and apparently unsympathetic father, yet relations between the two grew closer as they both grew older. Time and again Hall returned to Ashfield to gain renewed vigor and a new perspective on his problems. The homely New England community, made up of many who had a biting wit and a scorn of flattery, leaning always the other way in fact, had served to keep the ambitious boy somewhat reduced in conceit, and the man found this influence therapeutic. The tongues of his slightly mocking uncles and aunts taught him to walk humbly, and this was to be a characteristic all his days. Some of his relatives for years voiced their certainty that he would never be able to make a living except as a farmer, and they were reassured only after he had actually become professor of psychology and pedagogy at Johns Hopkins.

The New England fear of happiness, the distrust of good luck, a certain compulsion under which the New Englander of type seems to feel that he must move softly, disguising his feelings lest he attract the undesirable attention of the jealous gods, appears to be back of some of Hall's behavior. Apparently he did not himself know how much money he had, and he continued to live very simply, in a fashion far below that justified by his income. He had, in-

deed, a certain fear of wealth, and he expressed a distaste for the cares of money as well as a certainty that he would have been in his youth just the type to be ruined by the possession of wealth. The story is told that at one time, following the advice of a friend, he had made certain investments which did not turn out well, and that this cured him entirely of interest in such experiments, causing him to turn to the savings banks as the repositories of his money. At the time of his death it was found that he had a great number of savings-bank books, one apparently from every bank in Massachusetts, each representing a savings account filled up to the limit. He told, himself, of one experience of being reminded by a bank in Boston, after a lapse of years, of an account which he had wholly forgotten.

At the last he had only a housekeeper and a secretary to look after his needs. He even insisted on tending the furnace and the stove in his room, in spite of mild accidents connected with both. Surrounded by much attention he probably could not have been happy. In his last years, when his housekeeper was not herself well, it was not unusual for him to eat a simple cold supper alone, having it early so that he could get down to the 'movie' theater for the first picture. When his eyes lost their keen-

ness, the problem of his clothes became of considerable concern to him, for he could not bear to become the familiar picture of the untidy old man.

Even when he grew distinctly frail and the skin was drawn to transparency over his cheek bones, he was not at all a man who could be petted, 'mothered,' or bossed. He retained a certain ruggedness of spirit. He was hard, after the fashion of men who in New England struggle with a reluctant soil for a meager living, after the fashion of women on isolated farms who have never relaxed in indolence or even in ordinary comfort. Once I saw him directly after he had had a bad fall, before his mind had quite cleared. He came down the steps to receive me with a little added formality and made an heroic attempt to concentrate his thoughts upon the matter under discussion. Not succeeding to his satisfaction he confessed his difficulty but refused to postpone the conversation. He had not been brought up in an environment where people gave in, he had not been trained to pamper himself, and his distaste for coddling seemed to grow with the years, as if he felt that now more than ever he must keep himself free from enervating influences.

His attitude in these last years is especially interesting in contrast with reports of his earlier in-

ability to bear pain and his vast excitement over the slightest illness which attacked him. He used to define fear as anticipated pain, and his own imagination was, as a friend declared, 'abandoned' in its capacity for depicting all possibilities. For this reason he was over-generous at times in responding to immediate calls upon his pocketbook or his sympathies, and this generosity toward students who were not adequately prepared earned him much censure from his academic brethren. Over which censure he apparently worried very little indeed.

Hall's own college days foreshadowed many of his later attitudes. At the Class Day exercises at Williams College in 1867, according to the report of the local papers, "after music by the band, the Class Poet, Mr. G. S. Hall, favored the audience with a beautiful and practical poem on Philanthropy. The deliverance was good and the poem was highly appreciated by the hearers." Before this Hall had already made a place for himself as an orator with a message. On Washington's Birthday of that year, after Dr. Hopkins had "begun by making some very appropriate remarks respecting Williams, Washington and Jackson," Hall "of the Senior Class then delivered a neat, elegant and appropriate Oration," honoring himself, we are told,

"and the College by the part he performed." Reading the published poem is enough to give a clear idea of the position the earnest young man must have occupied in the college group, and in this appalling product we may see faintly foreshadowed many of his future interests and characteristics.

The title is "Philanthropy," while the subject is the pursuit of truth. Even at twenty-three Hall had found his stride enough to win a familiar excitement over this ideal and at this early age also he had learned to mix his references in a most dismaying fashion. Christ, Janus, Horus, Psyche, Ajax and Faust mingle their words of wisdom or their examples for the benefit of the Williams seniors, and the young orator was able to incorporate in the long poem what must have been a large percentage of the long words he knew. In a passage wherein 'drawn' and 'dawn' are made to rime we learn the reason for the title: "He who is drawn to listen at the threshold of truth's council hall . . . is a philanthropist," while on the other hand is the misanthrope,

> . . . in whose misered mind
> A selfish greed hides what should bless mankind
> Sick of his human though cachetic heart,
> Would spew it out, and bid all love depart:

The poem begins with a noble gesture of fellow-feeling:

Themes are vain to charm these moments, for the heart is
loud with grief,
And the muse's chanson, surely, cannot scorn the heart's
relief.
In the common quest of knowledge, more than wonted ties
unite,
And four signal years have sealed us, each to all, in fond
delight.

while the ending is no less impressive. The poet speaks a word of parting:

While all resolves are quickened to achieve the highest meed
By some strong and mailed purpose, from our world-em-
bracing creed;
And, brothers by a tie words cannot tell,
May love's and memory's wisdom guide us well.

Hall was a poet in many of his conceptions but these lines make us glad that he soon laid aside the traditional forms of poetic expression. Indeed, whenever he adventured into creative writing he seems to have done very poorly, partly because he had no feeling for the natural harmonies of words, little conception of form, and an amazing capacity for anti-climax, and partly because he injected ideas which were too heavy for his theme. But when he

wrote of scientific matters he was able at times to touch these with an undeniable beauty.

In "Philanthropy" Hall approaches his ever-recurring belief that the future holds unlimited possibilities and that from studying the past man rises to higher things:

> Let every milestone *forth* a beacon light
> And make the past our future where it erred.

He also makes what must be one of his earliest declarations of the faith he lived by and presents a picture which was constantly true of him to the end:

> The love of truth
> All for its own sweet sake,
> Unseals in man an endless springing fount of youth.

In this love of truth he had indeed discovered a fountain which was all his life to keep him in the hopeful, youthful attitude of the adventurer. But with characteristic chaos he had had to tie up the love of truth with the very proper virtue of philanthropy. He had to find a moral excuse even for the love of truth. Those old Puritan ancestors had him well under their control. They had made him a Puritan in his attitude toward life and work, toward sex and toward responsibility, although he was happily to prove a variant from the mode in

his avowed enjoyment of work. Life was a serious, earnest matter, the young Class Day poet must have felt; but there was meaning somewhere in the reckless upsurge of life in its multitudinous forms, from the amœba to the dinosaur, and participation in life to the fullest extent of one's powers took with him the shape of a moral obligation. Thus the Puritan compelled himself to be a pagan at times, and the pagan brought the Puritan a renewed joy in the tasks which life and a social conscience, aided and abetted by the keenest and most inquisitive of minds, imposed upon him.

CHAPTER III

The Conscious Pagan

Everybody wants something of shock and the unexpected.

From lecture notes.

The Conscious Pagan

OF course pagans were really very ordinary people, much like you and me. They had their money troubles and their problems of family discipline, and they suffered from neighborhood gossip just as we do now. But somehow, some time, our sophisticated minds have evolved a concept of 'pagan' which includes all the wild, free and beautiful things we imagine we should like to do—if only the neighbors would not see us doing them.

This pagan we have made for ourselves is a sort of happy child, yet with a subtlety no child can know. He has keener senses than we have. He gets more of a thrill out of the smell of freesias and the sight of trees tossing in the wind and the feel of fresh earth under his feet than we ever do. He has a great deal of fun. And he is never self-conscious. His sex and his religion are more openly mingled than with us. He is idiosyncratic according to the person who conceives him, but it is very desirable to have pagans tucked away in our imaginary world. The thought that somewhere these dream children of

ours are frolicking, with faces and bodies so like our own would be if we were as beautiful and as fine as we were meant to be, are romping through time untrammeled by clothes and conventions and the bondage of habit, makes it easier for us to continue steadily going to work in the morning and steadily coming back to our little homes at night.

But most of us only dream, more or less timidly, about this pagan side of ourselves. Hall deliberately exercised his paganism from time to time. He was a pagan as he was a child, both by nature and by conscious encouragement. Always a clever mental hygienist in applying his science to himself, he fully appreciated the value of occasionally letting down the bars, and from time to time he dared to do a great many things which helped him to attain a state of exhilaration, a release of energies due to the breaking of a convention or the attempting of something new and unexpected.

For an individual so afraid of pain he had a strange daring. Once as a child he had himself lowered in a deep well, in a bucket attached to a chain, because he wanted to see the fishes which he had put down there. He liked to climb, and he had some bad falls. From early childhood he showed a marked propensity to run away from home, and he

did not hesitate to take part in stone duels, in one of which he was knocked unconscious. Probably the most remarkable episode of his boyhood was his sprawling, as the result of a dare, under the big church bell in the steeple, which deafened him with its din and swung within an inch of his body.

He was always doing unusual things, even forbidden things, when these were of such a nature as not to hurt any one else. An essentially law-abiding man, he was able to find the stimulation of a return to boyhood in the simple prank of going swimming where swimming was forbidden. One of his students describes such an incident. The two, carrying their swimming trunks, were passing a pool guarded by a "No Trespassing" sign.

" 'Can you read the language on this sign-board?' asked Dr. Hall. 'It seems dimly familiar to me, as though I might have known it in my boyhood days. I wonder what those words mean? Perhaps my ancestors, in ages long ago, used that tongue. It seems to call up vague, rudimentary memories from down inside me somewhere. Let us take a swim!' "

This same student, A. E. Hamilton, tells of another incident illustrating Hall's appreciation of a moment of *abandon*. After lunching off a newspaper with Hamilton in the latter's attic room,

President Hall proceeded to demonstrate a phase of his motor-mindedness. "He said that, in order to learn the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, he had evolved a little dance to the rhythm of the words. He not only said this; he danced it out on my floor. His dancing shook the ceiling of the room below, rattled the chandelier, and brought my landlady scurrying up the stairs with the fire of accusation in her eye. . . . When I introduced her to the president of the University, she was naturally much abashed and profoundly apologetic."

Always tremendously interested in the psychic value of dancing, Hall took secret dancing lessons at three different times, trying to learn the steps of ancient forms and some of the tabooed modern dances—"just enough to know the feel of them." He had an unusual collection of records for his Victrola, including a large number of records of Chinese music, and he was known to clog to the ragtime of the phonograph. Dr. Amy Tanner, for a number of years his research assistant during the period when he was producing most fruitfully, tells how it was his custom, after a particularly intense stretch of work, to come down to the parlor in the evening, calling in a little girl who lived in the house at that time, and improvise dances to express the

various moods of the selections which they would try on the player-piano. Then all must join in the dance, and they would have a boisterous time of it, getting relief from their previous effort and a new mental attitude. Dr. Tanner says that some of the dances Hall 'made up' were often very clever, and anyone who has ever had a glimpse of his ingenuity and inventiveness will readily credit this.

Hall wanted to 'get the feel' of everything the universe afforded. He liked prize fights and religious revivals, visited poor houses and prisons and asylums for the insane, spent two weeks in a home for the blind, explored the dens of iniquity in most of the large cities of the Occidental world, visited morgues, attended meetings of revolutionists, studied the social evil and became a president of the Watch and Ward Society, and declared: "I believe that such zests and their indulgence are a necessary part of the preparation of a psychologist or moralist who seeks to understand human nature as it is."

He was always gloriously and youthfully curious. He wanted to see everything. If that had been all he wanted he might have remained an unknown farm lad or an obscure pedagogue. But, more than this, he wanted to understand. Thus we see in him the elemental curiosity united with the analytical

capacity to form the driving urge to scientific investigation. Everything interested him. Coming from the narrowness of his early life, from the comparative rigidity of his academy and college days, to live in New York must have been an almost intoxicating experience for the New England lad.

Ostensibly in New York for the purpose of studying at the Union Theological Seminary to become a Congregational minister, the embryonic psychologist was swept away in a study of the myriad forms of life of the great city. He went to all the churches, sampling the services of the Catholics, Roman and Greek, the Jews, the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Spiritists, as well as the more orthodox and customary sects, and managed to hear all the great preachers of the day. At the same time he was applauding Edwin Booth in his Shakespearean revivals, going to concerts and *opéra bouffe*, attending Charles Dickens' readings, appearing in the nine o'clock police court, getting acquainted with the morgue, visiting the foundling home, doing charity work in the slums. Perhaps nothing he ever did was more contrived to win an ironic smile from Mr. Cabell's Koshchei, "who made things as they are," than his service with some other earnest young students in the cause of rescuing street-walkers. Fortunately

this did not last long. It is strange indeed to contemplate his association with such a crusade in the light of his consistent idealization of women and his refusal always to accept them as the earthly creatures they must surely be. But perhaps it is only such young Parsifals, untouched by life, who can have the fine simplicity needful for inviting a prostitute to leave the streets and come into a mission service.

Even New York did not satisfy Hall's eager curiosity. Through the interest of Henry Ward Beecher, whom he greatly admired, the way was made for him to go to Europe for post-graduate study. This opportunity must be reckoned as one of the most important events of his life, for by his experiences abroad the young New Englander was shaped and refined into the man who was to make a university and himself shape the lives of other men.

At twenty-three Hall departed for Europe without bidding any one good-by, and in the many months he was away he saw no one he had known before. Yet during these two years he was so absorbed by the newness of his surroundings that he never knew what it was to experience homesickness or even to feel lonesome. Here again we see peeping

out in him the pagan and the child. His always remarkable capacity to sink himself in the sensations of the moment must have been in full development in those first years in Germany. The delight of an old-world civilization swept over him at a time when Americans were most susceptible to such delights. He was to make many later pilgrimages abroad, but never—unlike Henry James—to lose his sense of belonging after all to this crude and undeveloped America of a thousand possibilities. In Germany intellectual stimulations thronged upon him, so that he was constantly endeavoring to attend more lectures than he could digest. The home life of the Germans delighted him also. The friendliness, the ease of relations, the concerts in the parks where entire families sat slowly sipping beer and laughing together, the charms of certain sentimental young *Fräulein*, brought him an exuberance of the spirit, an awakening and reaching out of affective tendencies, which must have done the reserved and somewhat shy young student from Massachusetts a world of good.

He has testified more than once to the delight which life abroad brought to him, and there can be no doubt that his several extended visits were to him what bathing in the sacred stream is to the true

believer. After his first return from Germany he found the atmosphere of "staid old New England" oppressive. Always somewhat self-conscious socially he particularly appreciated the effects of the mild drinking in which he indulged in Germany, and his realization of the value of such stimulation helped to make him opposed to prohibition:

Almost every one not only ate in public but drank beer or light cheap wines, slowly but very deliberately, to prolong the pleasure, and moderately. Intoxication was very rare but nearly all were more or less "let out" (*Ausgelassen*). Not to be so in some at least very slight degree was almost bad form and suggested lack of good fellowship or of *Gemütlichkeit*. At any rate, it was quite *comme il faut* to be a bit "illuminated" before the day's end. Hence the teetotalism in which I had been nurtured went the way of the old Sabbatarianism and I came to love beer, drank it habitually, and felt it more necessary in that somewhat depressing climate than here. To thus banish reticence and restraint in ourselves and to see others do so brings out the more fundamental traits of character. We know and are known better. "The bonds of friendship tighten when they are wet." To drink a "Prosit" with a companion breaks up the dead level of utter chronic sobriety. It gives to conversation a heart-to-heart frankness, and the festive spirit thus engendered irrigates the rest of the week and makes the dull routine of a simple life more tolerable, while, as the world is now seeing, to be robbed of a mild tipple that has become habitual tends to breed a spirit of social, industrial, and even political unrest.

That capacity which in Germany protected Hall from homesickness, the power of sinking himself in the interests of the moment, was to be to him always a veritable life-saver. From almost the beginning of his presidency at Clark problems of the most trying nature pressed upon him, and the fact that he was able to meet them, to deal with them as best he could, and to put them behind him in the interest of a particular task or of a heart-free moment of recreation, was what assured to him a sound and healthy attitude toward life.

His ability to forget was a corollary of this same capacity. Meeting, as an executive, a multitude of problems, he was characterized by very rapid judgments and sometimes most disconcerting changes of attitude. A faculty member who made certain agreements with him on a certain day was apt to return a week later with the expectation that matters stood exactly as they had been left. But not always so with the President. Sometimes he had traveled vast distances in thought since the earlier meeting, his views had changed, his attitude had been reversed and the earlier decision wiped out or become faint and unimportant in the light of new ideas. All of which may be immensely stimulating and valuable in a thinker and writer, but may be

equally exasperating and disheartening, particularly for the more consistently-minded and unimaginative professors, when met with in a college executive. It was no wonder that he was often called a liar without always deserving the epithet in its simplest sense.

That Hall was an artist in mendacity when the occasion demanded will scarcely be denied by any one who was well acquainted with him or knew the high imaginative quality he very often manifested. In this connection his account of his first lie, at the age of three, is not without a certain charm: "I came in with a large pailful of dandelion heads and told my mother with great earnestness that God came and said I must not pick my pailful of flowers but I did, adding, I don't mind God sometimes."

When Lincoln's problems pressed about him he sought relief in telling jokes, often to the scandal of his serious-minded Cabinet. When Hall had attacked his problems to the best of his ability he sought absorption in something different. In later years he toyed with the dream of a trip to China, and what probably kept him from it more than anything else was not a sense of age but a feeling that he had already absorbed more than he could ever digest and give back to the world on paper. Per-

haps with his time growing inexorably shorter and the books he still wanted to write glimmering on the path before him, the thought of plunging into a whole new world of Orientals carried its own warning.

To the end of his life Hall liked to try new foods and to eat in different places. One night Phyllis Blanchard and I met him for dinner at a Chinese restaurant. We had picked out the place because it amused us to go there, with never a thought that so old a man might have difficulty in digesting the Oriental mixtures. But "G. Stanley" manifested the greatest interest in the almond chop suey and golden limes and other things of the menu. He wished to know why he should not learn to eat with chop-sticks, and an interested waiter brought him a supply and instructed him in their use. We watched him hold the little sticks in his right hand and pick up bean sprouts with grace and skill, but we had not the courage to try to imitate him. When we left he took away several sets of chop-sticks. Since then I have wondered if that were really his first experience. Certainly the zest and eagerness which he manifested in learning and his pride in the speedy acquisition of skill seemed to suggest a new experience, but then he would have been quite capable

of pretending these to add to the liveliness of the evening. At another dinner, at a French restaurant this time, the *hors d'œuvres* were particularly pleasing to him. "Ah," he cried, "caviar!" and there was no mistaking the tone of the gourmet.

He had always his day-dream of being a great pianist. This recurred to him all his life, despite the fact that he had found himself incapable of acquiring the necessary technical skill; and often when no one was around he would sit strumming at the piano, reverting to the old, old dream of pouring out his soul in music, of holding great audiences spellbound under the touch of the master. Perhaps this 'psychic vestige,' as he called it, was more important than he ever realized, for his life was a perpetual struggle between experiencing and expressing, and he must often have felt how much more he had absorbed than he would ever express. Words, he knew, are the crudest means of expressing thoughts and feelings, and he must sometimes have craved to express himself through other possible media. There is a definiteness about words which inhibits the fullest expression. A man will never speak out all that he feels, for fear of being identified, but there is a certain saving anonymity in music, a fluidness and evanescence which might per-

mit the flood-gates to lift and the pent-up emotions of a life-time to come rushing out. Hall planned definitely to tell the whole story of the founding of Clark and its early years, but that story was never told, despite the account given in his autobiography. And there were many other stories of his life which he suggested in writing and in talking that he would like to make clear, but he never gave them form. That old man dreaming at the piano may have felt himself to be releasing the fullness of his soul, all the stored-up knowledge and emotions of a long life, and who knows what ease that momentary flight may not have brought?

The theater always interested him, and in later years he attended the 'movies' regularly, often with the child Zabelle, the daughter of his housekeeper. There was something pathetic in the sight of that very old man and that very young girl setting out together through the mild softness of a spring night. He found pleasure also in the car which he learned to drive after he was seventy, with many compliments upon his skill. His decision to learn to drive was precipitated when he found that his daughter-in-law had learned, and Dr. Robert Hall thinks his father concluded that even though he was old he could still do what a woman could do.

He liked to slip out of the house in Worcester and go bob-sledding secretly at night, down steep and icy hills. He was always a firm believer in the value derived from removing parts of the clothing and so coming that much nearer to nature. Hamilton tells of his proposal one day on Newton Hill that they take off shoes and stockings and walk through the grass barefoot, and Hall has himself described the rejuvenating effect which he experienced when, as an old man, he returned to the boyhood farm at Ashfield and luxuriated in a back-to-nature state.

First his hat came off, for it shut out the view above and also obstructed the 'susurrus of forest music.' Then the coat and waistcoat were discarded, because of the heat. And the collar was hot and sweaty and needed to be loosened. Soon he was back in the spirit of his boyhood, and shoes and stockings were an obvious impediment for any true boy. He declares: "There must have been forty kinds of feel and tickle to the feet in the various rough and smooth rocks, sand, clay, hot and cold bits of roadway, diverse species of moss, grass and stubble, in the puddles and brook, the leaves and pine needles; so that I not only revived memories of barefoot days, but realized what an important

surface of contact man loses and by how many stages he is removed from nature by shoes."

As he was convinced that he was quite isolated and alone, the temptation to take off everything but trousers was not resisted. "The contact of leaves and brush and the sun that burned my back may have been intoxicating, but however it was, I finally several times enjoyed the great luxury of being in complete undress, and of feeling pricked, caressed, bitten and stung all over, reverting to savagery as I had often done as a boy by putting off civilization with all clothes and their philosophy." He found himself experiencing a curious sense of lightness and closeness to nature. "I often had spells, sometimes I think an hour or more long and quite spontaneously, of singing, yelling, and many kinds of vocal gymnastics that sustained and perhaps intensified the peculiar kind of nature communion, philosophy and reminiscence to which I gave way on this spot, where I reveled in the rankest and most absolute freedom with a kingly sense of ruling as well as owning."

Another experience which he tried during the same visit was not so successful. A solitary walk at night through the country graveyard stripped him of civilization and restored him to primitive feelings in not

quite so pleasant a manner. He was able to make himself pause to strike a match on a gravestone and to walk on slowly through the dark, past the lonely graves, but he was not able to restrain the sense of apprehension which grew steadily upon him and which made him glad to end his solitary ordeal.

He was a glutton for sensation, and any sensation was good that brought him nearer to what he felt was the older soul of the race. He believed that fear, rage and love were the great educators of man, and equally as important, if not indeed more so when considered phylogenetically, were the various sensations of tickle. Anything was good that heightened in man a sense of his own powers, that contributed to the vigorous discharge of energy and the resulting sense of well-being. 'Euphoria' was one of his favorite words, 'erethism' another, and both to him represented ideals to be consciously sought.

In the summer after the Franco-Prussian War, while he was still a young man and still intoxicated with Europe, Hall started on an Alpine walking trip with a German student. They spent their nights with the peasants, lived on black bread and sweetened bonny-clabber, and drank the Rhine wines at noon. One night they arrived at a hut exhausted by the day's tramp, only to fall into a sort of moun-

tain madness: through the late and glorious twilight they sawed and split wood for their host, coming into their second breath and a divine fury which enabled them to go on long after their strength was spent. That was the kind of experience which Hall liked to remember, a story of strength and vitality, of action pulsating with life, of human beings in the grip of a power which could cause them to transcend their ordinary moments and lift them up to the plane of the superman.

All of us are curious in a greater or less degree and a goodly part of manners and culture in the narrow sense is concerned with suppressing the evidences of curiosity. Hence we conceive our wish-fulfillment pagan as openly and gloriously curious. Peter Pan looks in through the windows of lighted homes, and the god Pan, of the goat's ears and the pipe of reeds, is pictured as looking out through the leaves upon some scene not meant for mortal gaze. We have made our pagan into a forest creature, prancing gayly through life, inquiring into anything that interests him at the moment. Curiosity is the basis, often unacknowledged, of a great deal of human activity, and that man is most alive who manages to keep the fine edge of his curiosity unspoiled by the tedious material of everyday life.

But the true pagan is interested only in experiencing. This is where Stanley Hall fell down in his paganism, or rose above it, as you prefer. His pagan episodes were in the last analysis purposive. He knew that he should use them. Sensation became not an end in itself but a means of understanding human and animal psychology. It seems probable that Hall had by nature a strong drive toward experimentation, toward trying to 'get the feel' of everything. His early childhood history confirms this guess. But by nature and by training he was also a Puritan, with a strong drive toward utility. Thus he must have come very soon to perceive that he could make capital out of his experimentation. Perhaps he even developed something of an excuse —If I try this out, if I undertake this wild and reckless and daring thing, I can make use of it in my science. He became the Conscious Pagan. He was Pan with a soul, and this dualism was to continue in him to the end. These diverse sides of his nature made him difficult to understand, made him seem inconsistent and vexing and utterly perplexing, if not indeed a little mad, to the unimaginative, but they endowed his personality with the fascination which comes of genius and gave to his nature the beauty of one who dares to do the unexpected.

CHAPTER IV

Son and Lover

Written on the occasion of burning his mother's letters, after many years:

So, as I watched them burn in the grate one solitary spring at evening twilight, I felt that I had completed a filial function of interment of her remains. No profane ear can now ever hear what she whispered into mine. She tried to convey everything good in her beautiful soul to me, her eldest, wanted me to do everything commendable that she could not and realize all her own thwarted ambitions. I hope that I may yet do something more worthy of her fondest hopes. If I seem to have cremated her very soul, or so much of it as she gave me, I feel that I have thus done the last and most sacred act of service which such a son can render such a mother.

Senescence, The Last Half of Life.

A dream:

I one night in my dream (I had been observing partridges in the summer) fell in love with a partridge which changed under my caresses to a beautiful girl, who yet retained an indescribable wild-bird innocence, grace and charm—a sort of Undina.

From an unsigned article, 1904.

Son and Lover

THERE was an old rose-bush on the farm where Stanley had been a little boy. When he came upon it after more than half a century of absence, he felt himself seized by an unaccountable emotion as memories thronged upon him of his mother, singing "The Last Rose of Summer." Some bond which linked the rose-bush and the song together had long since passed out of consciousness, but the relation was still there and capable of bringing over him a warm flood of feeling. It was the dead mother coming back to him in memory, recreated by an old, barren rose-bush and a song.

She was the first woman in his life, and the most important, and it was of her that he thought and wrote at the last.

But there were other women, some who moved by intangible as a passing shadow, and some who were more substantial.

There was a girl at school, unattainably older than he, a beautiful idol to adore at a distance. Because of her he hated the big boy who took her

riding; he put pins in that boy's seat, and he dropped something from the second floor upon that boy's head, for which he very properly received a severe thrashing. And there was once a fight undertaken, to his subsequent grief, with a much bigger boy, because he thought a certain girl was looking on. But in those days Stanley was much too shy. He could slip little presents into the desk of his adored, but he could not tell her of his devotion. And she married and bore many children, and it is likely that only Stanley treasured a memory of the girl she once had seemed to be.

Then there was another girl, of his own age, with whom he was equally inarticulate. The shy, awkward boy must often have watched her longingly as, after the evening services, she turned down the road toward home. What simpler than to run after her, make a funny stiff bow and offer her his protection? When the short walk was over she would surely invite him into the house, or, if the weather was mild and the evening gentle, a boy and a girl might stand a long time on the porch steps, and look at each other, and watch the white clouds drifting across the face of the moon, and tremble at the shy, delicious thoughts that came thronging.

At 'prep' school and at Williams College and later at Union Theological Seminary, Stanley never called on a young lady; perhaps in New York he was too busy helping to bring those street-walkers into the mission where their sins were to be made as white as snow. When he was sixteen he had taught a country school, boarding around at the homes of the scholars, and here he had gained some little understanding of girl creatures, but there had been no sentimental interludes. In a very vicious school which he had attended as a child he had happily been too young to be much contaminated by the sexual obsessions of the teacher and older students. At Williston Seminary, where he went when he was seventeen, experiencing then his first ride on the cars, at college and in New York there were too many marvelous things to be learned—philosophy and astronomy and Greek and mathematics and rhetoric, and there was writing to be done—for him to have time free for girls.

So he came to Berlin, an eager student on borrowed money, and the stiff young New Englander learned to drink beer, and to play on Sunday, and to make love lightly, and then not so lightly, through the pleasant summer nights. There were long walks to be taken through the gardens, and a young *Fräu-*

lein who hung gladly upon his arm. They must have talked of music and of flowers and the round moon, and I think Stanley would be one to make up little stories about themselves, so that they walked in fantasy, with glory filched from other lovers of whom he had read. Her German sentimentality would weave a great charm about her and would wipe away his bashfulness, so that he could come to love without fear, and yet delicately, as became a man of imagination.

There were two especially from whom he learned what love meant and what it could do, and from them he took also his first lessons in idealization. Toward the close of his long life he wrote of them: "They awoke capacities hitherto unusually dormant and repressed and thus made life seem richer and more meaningful. If passion was aroused, the power to moderate and control it was also gained and I have never had regret but only a sense of enlargement of soul from it all." And in the end nothing was left but an old man in America, and two faded photographs, and memories that were mildly exciting.

Back in America the difficult problem of getting a position absorbed him for a time. He was greatly in debt and the appointment which he thought was

his was canceled because the president of a Mid-Western university feared his teaching would 'unsettle men.' There followed a period of failure as teacher in two boys' schools, ended by the welcome opportunity of becoming tutor in a wealthy New York family. It was while he was with the Jesse Seligmans that Hall was invited to Antioch College, whither he went in 1872 as teacher of the English, French and German languages and literatures. In the second year of the four he spent at Antioch he was allowed to devote as much time as he liked to teaching philosophical subjects, and he was able to introduce his students to the theories of Darwin, Spencer and Huxley.

During this period two important events took place. At Leipzig Wundt published the first volume of his *Physiological Psychology*, which, eagerly devoured by Hall, resulted eventually in his resigning his position to return to Europe to study with Wundt. At Antioch too he formed the acquaintance of Cornelia Fisher, who was to become his wife. The co-educational college, with its young couples pairing off for long walks when they should have been studying, probably continued the beneficent influences which had begun with his German *Mädchen*.

At the end of his fourth year at Antioch Hall started back to Germany, on fire to learn more about this new science of psychology, but he was stopped at Cambridge by the offer of an instructorship in English at Harvard. This kept him another two years in America, at the drudgery of marking themes, while all the time his purpose must have been more and more inflamed. Still, these years gave him his Harvard doctorate and the friendship of William James.

To Germany at last he went, in 1878, to Wundt and Fechner at Leipzig and to Helmholtz at Berlin. Hall was present when a mob of anti-vivisectionists attacked the laboratory and Wundt was hit on the head by a stone; he demonstrated an experiment to the Crown Prince and his wife; he spent two years on the physiology of the muscles. And in Germany he learned to put other teachers before Wundt.

In Berlin the young person named Cornelia Fisher had appeared to study art and had ended by falling in love. Stanley could see no reason for waiting. He thought they should get married and continue their studies in Germany. So they tried to get married, and they kept on trying. Month succeeded month while their case became more and more en-

tangled in official red tape. Regulations and formalities seemed to multiply about them. Whenever one had been complied with another appeared, and the difficulties of obtaining birth certificates from a country which had not yet come to require registration of births were constantly upon the lovers. Cornelia's parents came over for the wedding and returned to America, leaving her still unwed. The would-be bridegroom tried to study while the girl who was not allowed to be a bride took trips about Europe. Finally, triumphantly, they were able to establish the fact that each had been born in such and such a place, U. S. A., and at such and such a time, although even now there is some question as to the date of Hall's birth. Then through the dreary civil ceremony, and the only slightly less dreary church wedding, and at last they were conclusively and completely married. For both, studies must have lost their attraction for a while in the exciting business of keeping house, together and in a strange land, next door to Fechner.

Home again in 1880, in debt again and once more without prospects. A flat in Somerville and the birth of a son, and President Eliot riding up to knock on the door without dismounting from his horse. He came to invite Hall to offer under the

auspices of Harvard a series of lectures on education and later on contemporary German philosophy. Thus, long after thirty, he found his first real success.

In 1881 came the first big opportunity, the call to found the laboratory of psychology at Johns Hopkins. As Dr. Fisher has written: "No more timely or greater service to American psychology is conceivable than this of not only bringing to it the report of European methods and advances, but of transplanting bodily an energetic branch from the central growing trunk of world progress in extension of all phases of human knowledge. The story is a vivid one, and no complete complex feel of the growth of psychology in America is possible without reading in reflective and grateful mood Hall's memoirs and early papers on philosophy and psychology in America."

Now at last there was a real home, and a position in the world, and the fascination of watching two young children develop. There was always time to play with the children. They must have a battledore and shuttlecock set and father must set them the example of playing very vigorously. In the house in Baltimore there was a small inner room without windows. the very place for a rough-and-

tumble football game with a soft rubber ball. On Sundays there was Druid Hill Park for long walks, as long as young legs could manage, and the delight of taking the little boy and girl to see the animals. And how the children loved to be mystified by the conjurer's tricks at which Hall was so clever—an entertainment which appealed scarcely less to his students and gained him considerable local fame. "The Mikado" was given in Baltimore and made a great hit with him; he used to go around singing "Tit-Willow" and he amused the children mightily with his favorite song about the 'cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block.' There were so many fascinating things to do in those early years, both at home and in the laboratory. As the children grew he took to teaching them, and he showed himself a stern taskmaster, demanding instant obedience just as his father had been wont to do. Robert Hall still remembers how he used to be kept writing and studying all through the summers and recalls his father's zeal in teaching him German.

In Baltimore Cornelia Hall joined the church and Bob and Julia must go to Sunday School regularly and Stanley must accompany her to service. She had read the Bible through fourteen times, and every night after supper she would read from it to

the children, stories of Samuel and Ruth and Daniel in the lion's den. In that tranquil evening scene, did Stanley ever hear his mother's voice joining in, did he ever feel himself again a child, listening to the stories she had been used to read to him so often? Very likely he noticed the similarity and found pleasure in it, for there seems to have been a close resemblance in the characters of his mother and his wife. Both were intensely religious and both endeavored to keep him within the organized church, and for the religion of both he had a tender concern. And both took their duties as mothers with great seriousness. Bob and Julia must not eat between meals, and Bob and Julia must be brought up with great propriety, and there were a great many words which nice little boys and girls could not say. So when the children made up a poem which absolutely required the use of the word 'swear,' they had to be very careful to use this only when Mother was out of the room.

Those years at Hopkins must have been very happy ones, crowded with work though they were, perhaps too crowded. Six years of intense labor were filled with the building up of the laboratory, inventing ingenious apparatus, experimenting on cutaneous and muscular phenomena, with a growing

interest in genetic problems and child study, and the stimulation of a group of worth-while students. Among these were many who attained the eminence of which Hall saw the promise. There was Cattell, who was to introduce mental testing in this country, head the department of psychology in Columbia University, and win a great lawsuit which should stand as a warning to college presidents. There was Sanford, who was to publish the first experimental manual in psychology and become the second president of Clark College, to lose in the midst of executive strain his grasp upon his science, a figure of charm and pathos for whose gentle spirit life was to prove too hard. There was John Dewey, who was to head the advanced thinking in the philosophy of education and to have more than a little influence upon the general public. There was Burnham, that rare scholar, who was also to come to Clark and to spend the best years of his life upon a single splendid book. There was Jastrow, and Patrick, and Hyslop, and many others. And there was the student T. W. Wilson, who spent a long Sunday afternoon walking and debating with Hall whether he should leave the study of politics and history and come definitely into psychology, but who, happily or unhappily, according to the point

of view, did not turn aside from the path which was to lead to the White House, to glorification such as few men have known and a final disowning which was like a curse. Hall felt of Wilson that "nothing could have been more sublime than his lofty moral leadership during the war, and when the party prejudice of the hour is forgotten the country will be proud of most of the history that he has made . . . and will then give to Wilson a sublime place in history." The 'claim of the ideal' was heavy upon both pupil and teacher, and the introvert's moral obsession, and both were capable of moments of exalted faith.

In 1888 came the flattering opportunity to become the first president of Clark University. There was some hesitation because of the bright prospects at Hopkins, and Hall wrote that "the work of organizing another college of the old New England type . . . would not induce me to leave." But this was to be something that had never been before, a university that was to be 'a leader and a light,' and no trammels were to be imposed upon the president. A gift of a million dollars gave the institution a flourishing start, and there was the promise of much more to come, although no one was ever able to learn from the founder how much until indeed it

had proved to be pitifully little. Mr. Clark declared: "We propose to put into the hands of those who are members of the University—to the extent of our ability—everything in the way of apparatus and appliances that can in any way promote our object in this direction."

Ground was broken for the new buildings and President Hall departed on a triumphant tour of European institutions to learn from them all that might be useful in building up this wonderful new university, which had taken as its motto the ambitious command, "*Fiat Lux*." Hall went from Amsterdam to Stockholm, from Upsala to St. Petersburg, to Prague and to Constantinople and to Budapest, not to mention Berlin and Paris and London, seeing everything and meeting every one, gathering information with the zest which was so peculiarly his. The tour represents in many ways the peak of his career. Out of early reverses and the long period spent in finding his true vocation, he had come, in middle life, to a position of honor and power where he could have the rare opportunity of trying out his own educational ideas. Long golden years stretched ahead, concealing in their rich prospects the tragedies which were to come.

Before leaving Baltimore for his European tour

Stanley had left it to Mrs. Hall to choose the place where she would most like to spend the winter. She had chosen to take the children home, and the winter was passed in Cincinnati and Dayton and Yellow Springs. Next fall there was an exciting reunion, with Cornelia and the children waiting in the hotel at Ashfield, and Stanley, not knowing where to find them, telegraphing all around in search of them. They were very affectionate and merry together. "My dear," Cornelia would say, and he would tease her, with one eye on the children, "But there is no mud in my ear."

In Worcester there was the excitement of starting a new home and a new university at the same time. Mrs. Hall was busy training a new maid and joining the Worcester church and marching the family, all bright and shining, off to services on Sunday. From the first the new university seems to have aroused some antagonism. It was wealthy, for the moment, and probably rather insolent, and unquestionably very independent. The barn back of the Hall house was full of cats and dogs for the Department of Biology, and the dread word 'vivisection' was spread about the town. Every loss of cat or dog was immediately ascribed to the terrible practices at the University, and to the President then would

come the storming owner. Hall would attempt to placate him by assurances that the animals for experimentation were brought from out of town, but without much success; then there would be a trip to the barn and noisy searching there before the owner would go away. A sensational newspaper began to publish stories about the University, and the customary antagonism between town and gown was deepened.

At the end of the first academic year in 1890 Hall was sent to the country to recuperate from a severe attack of diphtheria. He was brought back by the news that Cornelia and Julia had been found dead in a room filled with escaping gas. Rumors spread about the town, as rumors will, and there were not wanting even in those days enemies to hint that this had been no accident.

Robert was nine when the tragedy occurred and upon him fell much of the strain of that terrible period. Early on the 14th of May Julia had had a wonderful time blowing soap-bubbles in bed. As a result her mattress was found to be too wet for her to sleep on, and Mrs. Hall had taken the child downstairs with her for the night. In those days they were using automatic gas lighters which turned on the gas and made a spark at the same time. The

first pull of the chain turned on the gas and lit it by means of the spark, a second pull turned off the gas, and if the catch did not work for either of these operations you kept on pulling till you got what you wanted. Of course if the gas were turned on without lighting, as sometimes happened, there would be escaping gas in the room, but nobody is ever on the lookout for an accident. Perhaps they had been laughing over the special lark it was for Julia to sleep with her mother, and the chain got an extra hasty pull without its being noticed.

When the father and son came back home after the funeral, Hall, still weak from his illness, sat and looked at the fire which had been lit in the library. "It's pretty bad, Bob, isn't it?" he asked the boy. They must have sat very still for a time while the horror flooded over them, and Hall must then have begun to form the resolve which was to carry him through the next ten lonely years—to shut himself up with his work, to suppress rigidly the emotional side of his nature, to find in a mad passion for work his only salvation. And this he was later to declare that he had done, eliminating women completely from his life, living only in the activities of his mind.

Among the curious documents preserved by Hall

in an old scrapbook is a spirit message from his wife, purporting to come through Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, medium. Hall's active interest in investigating spirit phenomena and his cleverness at performing many of the tricks of the mediums had earned him no love from the psychic researchers, so that the *Alcyone's* publication of the message must have brought a great and malicious delight to some of the faithful. The epistle was signed "Mrs. G. Stanley Hall" and read as follows:

My heart is so anxious to reach back that I can hardly wait to try and see if any one will not recognize me and my Julia, who went so suddenly out of the earthly existence. I would like to say to the friends, especially my brother, Theodore Fisher, who lives in Boston, that the suffocation and so-called death was absolutely painless, only just one instant of consciousness, when we realized that we were drifting out and still powerless to lift one finger. I am glad that it is all over, for from this side, we can help those we love, while there, we could not see even their hearts. I often go to Ashfield, where Theodore took our bodies, to the Congregational Church, and look the people over and feel like thanking them for their kind memories. Changes have come since I came over, that have made it better for them I love, and I have welcomed two who were dearly loved, to this life.

I watch Julia and feel satisfied that all that earth denied, heaven is very rich in, and that my child as well as myself will have a chance in those beautiful realms of light to

learn sweeter, better things. I, too, have most kind recollections of Worcester and its people, for it was there I had some happy hours, but most of all, got the release that sooner or later must come to all.

My life was not known to the many, but to the few, and I am thankful now for that feeling of freedom that dreads nothing, and for the dear ones left there. If ever I can give clearly to the world that which I wish to give, I will try again, but you know, Mr. Editor, that a first trial is always necessary to insure success. May angels assist you in all efforts to let the light dawn upon the people.

This absurd document would have little value if it had not been preserved by Hall for thirty years. It lies not far from the announcement of his wedding to Cornelia Fisher in Germany, that wedding which was so long delayed, and its lying there takes all the sting away from the hoax. Hall was able to play the medium's game in a superb manner and to obtain reports from countless persons whom he made up as he went along, so that he was as little touched as any one in the world by such superstitions; nevertheless he continued to preserve his wife's 'spirit message' close beside her wedding announcement, because of what it purported to be.

There were weary days, spent in California, of trying to recover health of mind and body. After some months in regaining what courage he could,

Hall returned to Clark, soon to meet with what looked like complete destruction of his hopes there. Money was not forthcoming for maintaining the University as it had begun; Mr. Clark must be protected from censure for the sake of what money he might be induced to leave in his will; before a dissatisfied faculty the situation must be covered up and smoothed over as much as possible. The President became the target of reproach from all sides. Charges of falsehood and bad faith were made, Hall and Clark found out how little community of interest or purpose they had, and one day President Harper appeared at the critical moment to engage the majority of the staff for the new University of Chicago.

For the following years, after the pain of all this had been somewhat obliterated, and after the high hopes had been revised to embrace only what might reasonably be done on an income of $28,000 a year, Hall turned like a fanatic to work. "Small as we were," he has said, "we still had what was to us a heartening realization that we were the only purely graduate institution in the country, and as I look back upon the eight years that followed Mr. Clark's death I am amazed at our productiveness and the grim determination with which we all settled down

to hard work to 'make good.'" Bravely struggling against great odds, determined to carry on in the face of any and every disappointment, Hall could maintain his hope in the future, so that he could say at the first decennial celebration in 1899: "We have lived, and even now live and walk, let us confess it, to a great extent in faith and hope, looking confidently to a future larger than our past has been, with steadfast and immovable conviction that our cause is the very highest of all causes of humanity, but ready even ourselves, if need be, to labor on yet longer in the captivity of straitened resources, being fully persuaded that our redeemer liveth and that in due time he shall appear."

The next year Mr. Clark was dead, and the long agony over. The result was found to be not as bad as it might have been, nor yet as good as had been desired. A badly made will left the issue in some doubt until Hall's vigorous interpretation was accepted by the lawyer who won the case. It is curious that with this precedent before him Hall should likewise have left a bad will, drawn up by himself in a way which left his purposes unclear, just as Mr. Clark's had done. Clark College was organized under the provisions of the Clark will, apparently as a blow against Hall, while the other half of the

funds was assigned to the uses of the graduate University.

As life became a little easier Hall could give more and more thought to the *magnum opus* upon which he was engaged. *Adolescence* appeared in 1904, in two volumes with 1373 pages, the subtitle being "Its Psychology, and Its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion and Education." Hall was never inclined to take a narrow view of his subject or of what he might contribute to it.

It had long been his custom to work with and through teachers in the elementary schools, who collected an immense amount of data for him, mostly direct observations upon their young pupils. By and by he began to realize that a certain young kindergarten teacher named Florence Smith was especially bright and interested in his problems. He perceived that she had a wonderful way with the children and that she knew how to bring a social charm to any occasion. After the long years of sublimation, she must have seemed, this young and attractive teacher, particularly refreshing to his tired middle age. In a story which appears to be autobiographical Hall describes the coming of a woman into a man's middle years and shows that he felt

he had given too little encouragement to his emotional life.

But he must move softly, and with discretion. He had been too long a celibate to permit his courtship to be known and commented upon. Love was coming to him again, the passion of his maturer years, and he began to perceive that his life had been empty and dry, and that he had failed to give himself up to his emotions as much as a true hygiene of the soul might demand. But the President kept watch over the lover, and not a hint of his intentions was allowed to escape until he gave a dinner to the faculty at his home, rising at its close to announce his engagement in a tone as calm as if he had been announcing an addition to the Department of Mathematics.

There is not much more to be told. There followed a brief interlude of happiness and grace, with Florence Hall receiving charmingly in the President's house. Then one night she appeared at a seminar meeting wearing her bedroom slippers; another night she arose suddenly, left her guests and went upstairs to take a bath. She began to stop members of the faculty, and even students, to ask for loans, while at the same time she was spending Hall's money with great extravagance. Here was

another occasion for gossip about the University, and the townspeople naturally made the most of it. Florence began to talk more and more wildly, spreading absurd stories about her husband, becoming to him a constant embarrassment and care. A complete separation was finally agreed upon but never entirely maintained, for it seemed as though the poor demented woman could not keep away from Worcester and the University. A paralytic stroke brought her back permanently as a responsibility, and Hall was troubled to the end of his life by unfounded complaints from her regarding her treatment in the sanitarium he had chosen for her. After the separation his friends urged him to put her out of his life, to refuse to look after her personally, since he had already made her a generous financial settlement, but this he would not do, and she continued to be a cause of suffering and anxiety to his death. When in his will he referred to his 'dear wife' there were some who thought of this as another evidence of the man's artistry, as indeed a bit of hypocrisy. But he was capable of strong and genuine sentiment, and this survived to the end. The world saw his second marriage only as folly, but he must have been able to see it as something very different. Until her recent death Florence Hall sat

in a wheel chair, an enormous, helpless woman, suffering from progressive dementia due to arteriosclerosis, and babbled of Stanley and the car so that one could not be sure whether she thought that Stanley would come to-morrow or would never come again.

Hall faced four specific tragedies in his life. Twice he saw his University destroyed, and twice with hope unfailing, with determination and gallantry, he did his best to build up a new university which should conform to a new ideal. Twice he lost a wife, once through death and once through madness, and in the end he had only work remaining to him as his passion and his pleasure.

In the later lonely years, with his only child established across the continent from him, he came back to the one who had colored all his imaginings of other women, who had swayed all his theories of feminine development, in whose name he had insisted on having girl students in the graduate school, and because of whom he believed with Goethe that "the woman soul leadeth us upward and onward." At the last he talked of her and wrote of her as if in her alone he touched reality. She had read to him and sung to him, and stood between him and his father's wrath; she had shaped his attitude toward

sex (how unconsciously on her part) and had kept him from a complete emancipation from the taboos of morality; she had given him the feeling that his life was her vindication, that in his success she found her greatest realization; and she had left him with an imperishable ideal of woman, as beautiful as it was false. And in the end there remained to him the pages of her religious diary, and her love letters to his father, and the memory of an old rose-bush and his mother's voice, singing to a little boy.

CHAPTER V

Horizon-Breaking

I love but perhaps still more pity mankind, groping and stumbling, often slipping backward along the upward Path, which I believe I see just as clearly as Jesus or Buddha did, the two greatest souls that ever walked this earth and whom I supremely revere.

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist.

HALL had this defect and this advantage, that whatever he thought or learned became for him an adventure of the spirit. The enthusiasm with which he attacked a new problem had in it a quality of the automatic. If he liked a thing at all he liked it immensely. If he took up a thing it immediately became of vast importance.

The word 'evolution' charmed him and the evolutionary concept fascinated him to the end, coloring all his interpretations of life. Very likely the spell which evolution laid upon him was responsible for his interest in physiology and for his considerable period of study in this field. He devoted two years to a frog's leg, as he sometimes said, and this led him deeply into the study of cutaneous and muscular phenomena. His thesis for the doctorate at Harvard was written upon "The Muscular Perception of Space" and his interest in such subjects continued for a time to keep the research at his Hopkins laboratory running along these lines. His reports of these studies, published in *Mind*, show, as Sara

Carolyn Fisher has declared, "great vigor and fertility of idea and resource. Ingenious apparatus was devised and adapted. Finished in some respects, in many they bear the stamp of the pioneer study." With the problems of tactual space perception he made one of his first running dashes against the old horizons and broke through a little space into a new world. That he did not carry his researches farther than the initial stages must have been due in part to the fact that what lay beyond was not so much path-finding as toilsome verification of earlier intuitions; he seldom possessed the patience for such verification.

Before his work at Hopkins he had already begun to cultivate the field in which he was most effectively to mark out new domains. His first taste of success had come with his lectures on pedagogy given under the auspices of Harvard University in 1880-81. It is related that President Eliot, when announcing these lectures, used the word 'pedagogy' with great reluctance, and a year later Hall declared in a public address that there were but two chairs of pedagogy in the higher institutions of America. After which, being Hall, and having as usual a case to argue, he proceeded to demonstrate the need for including pedagogy among advanced studies. "It

is true," said he, "that genius is born, not made, in pedagogy as elsewhere; but it is also true that anxious study of the material upon which they work is needed, as well as a whole repertory of instruments and methods, for those who work upon mind or upon the brain, the most complex of all the tissues woven in the loom of time." This sentence is one of his worst, stylistically speaking, but by the fervor of such utterances and the heaping richness of his figures of speech, however incongruous among themselves, he was able to attract widespread attention both to himself and to the developing science of education.

He perceived that education in America was in a sad way, and he did not hesitate to say so. Between those who regarded education as a rigid and unchanging discipline and those who felt teaching to be a mysterious matter of inspiration alone Hall slashed his way to a new view of the teacher as both inspired and trained. Particularly did he demand that education be accepted and treated with the respect due one of the professions. He wrote of the teacher as a builder: "The teacher carefully lays the foundations, here a stone and there a stone . . . he is aiming all the while at a single culminating point, but he should always avoid . . . disclosing

that point, and only seek to lead his pupils along until they discover it themselves."

In this sentence is suggested almost the whole of his theory of teaching, which involved discipline in the early periods and freedom at the end. He did not hesitate to condemn Mill's views of liberty as suicidal for a republic and declared that the entire *laissez-faire* doctrine was based upon casuistic arguments alone. In a republic, he said, there must always be despotism. He set his face squarely against the namby-pamby sentimentalism which allows children to run wild quite as much as against the rigid orthodoxy which he found most in vogue in the schools. In speaking of the moral and religious training of children he expressed a view which undoubtedly applied to other forms of training as well. He asserted that there must be a natural progression of knowledge and training fitted to the child's powers at each age and that only at the end could there be anything approaching freedom. "Real intellectual freedom is unknown until one becomes an authority in some department of mental activity, and receives original truth fresh from Nature with no interpreter between her and his mind."

Nevertheless, in spite of this limited view of liberty for the child, Hall made many of his best

strokes on the side of freeing the child from the arduous discipline which past ages had put upon him. His attitude was that there is a natural discipline of developing capacities to which the child must be subject, but that from the artificial rigidity of the school system as it was in the nineteenth century the child must be protected. The vividness of his phrases served to obscure the fact that here, as elsewhere, he tended toward compromise. In this capacity for happy compromise between two views, extracting some of the good in each and welding it together into a more persuasive whole, lay much of his power to move men to action.

The educational world of the past century had largely failed to recognize the child as a human being in his own right, essentially different from adults and by no means 'a little man.' Hall startled this world with his view that childhood is much older than adulthood, more closely related to the life of the race and bearing rich values of its own. In 1883 he published his important paper on "The Content of Children's Minds." Nothing he ever did was to attract more attention or to be more productive of results in stimulating other investigations. Showing as it did the nature and the limitations of the apperceptive mass with which children approach

the problems of school, it went a long way toward explaining many of the difficulties and failures of the early school years.

Whenever he touched upon topics concerning the child he seemed to find his greatest success. Those first Harvard lectures were well attended and were regarded as so successful that the following quaint document was drawn up by those who took the course:

Resolved, that as teachers interested in our work and desirous of learning how best to further the cause of education, we eagerly welcomed the inauguration of the course of lectures just completed: that we have listened to Dr. Hall with the greatest interest, and that we recognize in him a worthy and competent teacher of teachers.

Resolved, that these lectures have been to us a source of new inspiration and new zeal; that they have proved what so many have hesitated to believe—that there is a new science of Pedagogics, and that it is the highest of all sciences, as it is the noblest of all arts.

Resolved, that we tender our thanks to the government of Harvard College for establishing this course of lectures, and especially for having consulted our convenience in arranging to have them delivered here in the city of Boston.

Resolved, that we venture to express the hope that the present course will be only the first of a continuous succession of courses, which shall result in establishing Pedagogics as an acknowledged department of University work in this country, and shall draw the college and the school into close and hearty sympathy and union.

Resolved, that the full measure of esteem and gratitude that every earnest teacher wishes his pupils to entertain toward himself, and looks upon as his greatest reward, we feel for Dr. Hall: and that we beg him to accept this assurance of our warm regard, our appreciation of the work he has done, and our sense of the honor he has brought to our profession.

Resolved, that the secretary of this meeting be requested to transmit, in our name, to Dr. Hall and the President of Harvard College, a copy of these resolutions.

Hall was a little young to become with entire safety the recipient of that "full measure of esteem and gratitude that every earnest teacher wishes his pupils to entertain toward himself, and looks upon as his greatest reward," but this first full measure of success, after so many trying years, must have been peculiarly sweet. It is not without significance that a scrapbook of clippings kept by him contains more references to the Harvard lectures on pedagogy and German philosophy than to any other subject. Both at Harvard and at Williams, his old college, where he lectured during the same period, he was making a great hit and opening men's minds to a new world of thought and action. The Harvard college paper of the time carried this indignant protest: "We cannot help regarding it as extremely unfortunate—to use no harsher term—that, from some unaccountable

scarcity of tickets at the office, many students 'who take courses in Philosophy' were prevented from attending Dr. Hall's first lecture. Whether or not there can be anything said in favor of including in the distribution of tickets only those men—as noticed in the *Crimson*—who *now* take philosophy, there is surely no question about the hardship of excluding from the opening lecture men who were, even by the strictest construction of the posted notice, fully entitled to admission, and who were assured by their instructors, on the very morning of the lecture in question, that tickets were waiting for them at the office."

Can any professor of this day imagine the students coming out with such a protest over the hardship of being excluded from one of his lectures! At the same time as this student excitement the proposal was being made in one of the newspapers that "it would be a grand thing if for the next three months the session in the schools in this city could, on Saturday, be suspended," in order that the teachers of Boston might attend Hall's morning lectures.

Suddenly Hall had become a power in the land. He could truly feel that through the schools and the youth of the country he was having a part in shaping the lives of men. By 1887 the *Christian*

Union could declare that "this modern departure from the traditional paths of the teaching of the science of the mind that is taking so strong a hold in this country, is due, in no small degree, to the energies of Professor G. Stanley Hall." It is small wonder that when he had arrived at the stage to be grouped with William T. Harris and William T. Payne as giants of the 'art pedagogical' (for in such stilted terms they humored themselves in those days) it should be said of him that "Hall is wanting in the humility of the other two. He intends his opinions to have weight."

He was a fighter for the new in the field of pedagogy, he caused his opinions to have weight, and he had not yet learned to assume the mask of humility which he wore habitually in his later days. Men who are much in the public eye must move softly, lest they offend the herd-mind of their admirers. With his usual vigor Hall attacked the neglect of philosophy in the United States in an article which a reviewer declared would doubtless call "for protest from those who attach sufficient importance to his statements." Very soon he had to begin to accept the acid with the sweet and to meet with equal calmness praise or vituperation.

Hall's first book, *Aspects of German Culture*

(1881), brought together the scattered articles on Germany which had appeared from time to time in the *Nation* and which had already earned for his knowledge the fatal epithet of 'encyclopædic.' Although he was filled with great admiration for the German civilization he was led insensibly to think of American problems as peculiarly American, to be solved by American ingenuity, and he turned more and more from contemplation of German philosophers to study of American education. He seems to have concerned himself with the practical consideration of 'how to teach' almost all of the primary subjects of instruction, while from the first he felt an especial interest in all the problems of adolescence, which he considered 'a veritable second birth.' At this period the sex interests begin to play a peculiarly large part, he declared, "and success in life depends upon the care and wisdom with which this energy is husbanded. . . . The dangers of this period are great and manifest. The chief of these, far greater even than the dangers of intemperance, is that the sexual elements of soul and body will be developed prematurely and disproportionately." Education, he felt, should serve the purpose "of preoccupation, and should divert attention from an element of our nature the premature

or excessive development of which dwarfs every part of soul and body." He had himself had ample experience of the meaner sort of country school, where sexuality among children and teachers appeared at times to run wild, and he could thus feel very vigorously the need for a new education which should protect adolescents from the full force of their dawning impulses.

Methods of Teaching History, for which he furnished the introduction, appeared in 1881, and *Hints toward a Select and Descriptive Bibliography of Education* in 1886. The latter increased its author's reputation for wide and thorough knowledge of the field of education in many countries. His reviews and articles in the *American Journal of Psychology* and elsewhere were making his theories increasingly known, so that when *Adolescence* appeared in 1904 a large public was prepared. The enemies and friends of this monumental work were in a large sense ready-made for it, and it received its full measure of censure and of admiration.

M. V. O'Shea wrote a long review of the book in which he declared that in "all philosophical, biological, psychological and educational writing, so far as the reviewer's knowledge goes, there is no verbal architect and artist equal to Hall; none who

can approach him in the fervor, the stateliness, the impassionateness, the at times well-nigh overwhelming effect of his rhetoric. This style is, though, well-suited to his point of view and his purposes. His vision sweeps from one mountain peak to another, and he must tell what he sees in words or phrases that befit the great scenes which he beholds and that will stir his listeners to action. . . . Hall's attitude is more largely emotional, poetic, ethical, and perhaps hortative."

Adolescence is an astounding production, its author's greatest single piece of work. Hall's method in it can be compared only with that of Herbert Spencer. Both men chose far and wide the material which they needed for their thesis, but the erudition of Hall far exceeded that of the English sociologist just as his capacity for philosophical generalizations fell below the high synthetic quality of Spencer's mind. Sweeping through everything which had ever been written or done in the study of adolescence, the book appears a source volume for the pedant. How then shall we explain the anxious mothers who hugged its two big volumes to their breasts and found within its thousand pages a light to ease their steps and to guide them through the perilous paths of child-rearing? Certainly no one

should take on *Adolescence* as light reading, yet whoever dips within its pages is sure to find much that is interesting, while its wide circle of readers among the 'general public' is a triumph and a scientific curiosity.

Youth, published three years later, attempted to cut down and make available within easier compass the doctrines expressed in *Adolescence*, but in this abridged form much of Hall's thinking loses its glamour. The simple, clear waters of a narrow stream were not for him; his was the torrent of thought and speech, turbulent, boiling, wildly foaming, in which each reader must struggle for those things which have greatest value for himself alone.

One of his ablest pronouncements concerning child nature preceded *Adolescence* by many years:

> There is a sense, although it seems more indefinite and general than Lessing thought, in which the stages of a child's mental growth repeat the experiences of the race. The idea of God is not flashed in upon the infant mind complete and vivid at first by any native intuitions. It can be realized in a natural way only after the necessity of a cause is felt to be general, or when the demand for a unity and centre of things in the wide and varied world arises. The child's conception of God should not be too personal or too familiar *at first*, but He should appear distant and vague, inspiring awe and reverence far rather than love; in a word, as the God of nature rather than as devoted to serviceable ministra-

tions to the child's individual wants. . . . The inestimable pedagogic value of the God-idea consists in that it widens the child's glimpse of the whole, and gives the first presentiment of the universality of laws, such as are observed in their experiments and others, so that all things seem comprehended under one stable system or government.

Here we have in very mild and undogmatic form a foreshadowing of the recapitulation theory which was to attract so much attention. Hall has been condemned as accepting *in toto* the theory that each phase of mental life is inevitably and automatically reproduced in the child's development and for holding this theory solely on the basis of its analogy to the physiological recapitulation within the embryo. Hall was, however, much too great a mystic to accept such an automatic process. Although he stirred up a great deal of controversy with his notion of recapitulation and did undoubtedly push it too far, he used such a conception himself as a stimulus to further careful study of the child's activities. His emphasis upon the orderly and natural development of the child mind was unquestionably of great value.

Through the large number of questionnaires issued under his encouragement at Clark he attracted more attention and added to the world's store of knowledge concerning the child, in spite of numer-

ous criticisms of "the naïve statistics of the Clark University type, with the complacent deductions therefrom." Nothing was too slight to attract his scrutiny, from dolls and children's prayers to the early sense of self. His great and active mind played freely over the field of childhood, and if sometimes his imagination and intuition outstripped knowledge, all later investigators of children surely have much to thank him for. It is certain that many avenues of fruitful investigation would have long remained untouched if it had not been for the luxuriant interest of Stanley Hall.

In the same year as *Youth* there appeared the collection called *Aspects of Child Life and Education*, which contains some of his most attractive minor papers. There followed in 1911 the two volumes of *Educational Problems*, with further enunciation of his now well-known theories, and after a considerable interval *Jesus the Christ, in the Light of Psychology* for the writing of which he was utterly damned by the orthodox and over which he suffered one of his keenest disappointments. Just why this book did not receive the attention it merited is difficult to explain. Perhaps the war interests were too exclusive in 1917, or perhaps it was merely ahead of its time. The present revival of interest in the figure

of the Christ, sustained by a great number of widely-read books from such diverse sources as Papini and Barton, suggests that were it appearing now for the first time *Jesus the Christ* would attract far more attention than it did. Hall retained an emotional concern for the success of this book which he failed to show for his others and he had included in it some of his most glamorous writing. He was thinking of this when he read Papini's *Life of Christ* and tried to figure out what there was in this insignificant book that caused it to be so successful. Feeling himself that the story of the Christ was the greatest story in the world, he was led to wonder if Papini's artistic interests had not brought him to the writing of it even more than his widely heralded religious conviction.

Morale, in 1920, expressed the best that Hall had been able to get out of the war enthusiasm and hinted at a new religion and a faith about which he was to write eagerly for the last few years of his life. Keeping at the tip-top of one's condition became to him, with his powers already waning, the supreme state of holiness to which man might attain. As youth is the greatest period for such a tip-top state he was thus led insensibly back to his early interests and into the projection of a book on the

youth movement of the world. *Recreations of a Psychologist*, published in the same year, contains some of his early papers, often very revealing, together with the long story of "The Lost Atlantis." It is unfortunate that this noblest of the Utopias should be buried in a collection of such unequal merit. "The Lost Atlantis" is a prose poem by a man who had grown old in the study of human nature, who was willing even yet to predict the best for it.

Senescence, The Last Half of Life, appearing in 1922, was chiefly notable for the originality of its conception and for the picture of its writer which it presents—its pathos and its splendor equally unconscious—of an old man facing extinction with a world of regret but without a tremor. The *Life and Confessions of a Psychologist*, which preceded his death by less than a year, introduces the reader to some of the background and some of the incidents which went into the making of a great scientist and teacher. Its egoism, its naïveté and its zest for all phases of life make it a human document of the greatest interest. His final words in this last book are characteristic of the man at his best: "I am far older than my years for I have laid aside more of the illusions and transcended more of the limitations

with which I started than most. . . . If my intellectual interests have been in the past and present, my heart lives in the future and in this sense I am younger than youth itself, the nature of which I would chiefly understand and appeal to."

CHAPTER VI

Cousinship to Peter Whiffle

. . . . a wondrous mechanism in the soul of man which assures him that he is yet young and only just getting himself established as nature's crown and destined master, and that the best part of his history cannot yet be written because it has not yet been made, as the best things have not happened yet.

Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology.

Cousinship to Peter Whiffle

THE books that are never written are without a doubt more wonderful than those that are, and by the same token they must also be more touching and more absurd. Hall was no Peter Whiffle by intent, although there were moments of mad and child-like enthusiasm in which he showed a clear relationship to that esoteric researcher. He dreamed of books he was never to write, but this was due to no faltering on his part. His was a limitation of time, not of purpose. Indeed, had he faltered more often before attacking some weighty subject it is possible that he would have written fewer books and finer ones. But it is certain that he regarded his unwritten books with a peculiar tenderness, very much as childless women in the story-books are sometimes portrayed as regarding the children who might have been. And it is certain that he viewed the books he did not write through a haze of large intentions and of glowing possibilities which made them seem fairer

than anything that stood bound upon his library shelves.

Carl Van Doren has said that for "the adventurous reader nothing can be so exciting as to come upon a library of unwritten books." How much more exciting then for the adventurous writer who is constantly discovering within himself new books which clamor to be written. The perfection which unexpressed thought takes on is something far beyond the little vanities of this world. Arthur Machen's Lucian, climbing his Hill of Dreams and dying above a manuscript which had finally satisfied his search for the exquisite, leaves behind an indecipherable paper with only here and there a word showing clearly through; and Balzac's old artist proudly displaying his masterpiece shows to his visitor a picture completely painted out save for one bewitching foot. For Lucian and for the painter perfection existed in their souls, but none of this did they carry over into the world of men.

Thus it is a dangerous, and may even be a criminal, proceeding to touch upon a man's unwritten books. Yet in Hall's case it seems imperative since so much of his influence centered about the things he never completed. He used his ideas to dynamite holes in the sky for his students. Sometimes the

ideas disappeared in the explosion or on more critical examination proved themselves to have been of doubtful value, but this troubled him not at all if he could feel that he had made an opening in men's prejudices through which the truth might come. Many a time the new vistas he exposed were cheerless and barren, but more often than not they offered interesting prospects. The man was an artist in ideas: he used them for effects, for the attainment of moods, for the eliciting of responses. He was concerned with stimulating the search for the truth, not with handing down the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Often a false idea would do this as well as a true, for, as he declared, "there is often a weird intoxication when some absurd and monstrous statement is made, while the first sensation of a deliberate break with truth causes a real excitement which is often the birth pang of the imagination."

It is less unfair to Hall than to most men to review his unwritten books, because of the large body of lecture notes which exists among his students and because of his custom of developing his books out of his lectures. When lecturing on a subject he always managed, somehow, somewhere, to drag in the latest information concerning it, and when send-

ing a book through the press he followed the same system of injecting new material, even in the final proofs, with the result that both lectures and books were often chaotic and always lacking in form.

He was at his most fantastic in his views on the psychology of food. With his usual daring he rushed into a subject about which almost nothing was known and produced a course which was an amazing hodgepodge of precise information about the size of the stomach and the length of the intestinal canal with metaphysics concerning the soul and the development of conscience out of the stomach-ache.

"In the beginning was hunger," so he declared. This was a favorite phrase with Hall. 'In the beginning' seemed to fascinate him almost as much as 'evolution.' According to the subject in which he was interested at the moment this or that thing was 'in the beginning.' Analysis of extreme sort may choose to see in such phrasing evidence of an infantile or even embryonic fixation in harmony with the mother complex from which he never escaped.

* * *

In the beginning was hunger, even more fundamental than sex. Hunger has as many irradiations

as sex, and perhaps even more, for they have never been worked out so fully. The trophic reflex is as remote from conscious hunger as Saint Theresa's love of God is from sex.

There is nothing so real as eating food. Once you have swallowed anything you feel that nothing can get it away from you. Food becomes a part of the flesh and blood and finally of the subjective ego. Instead of the thing known it becomes the thing that knows.

The basis of our sense of reality is in this food-taking, and the root of all of it is in trophic sensibility. The tangibilia world opens with the eating of the young creature. From mouth as fovea the tactile sense radiates to all parts of the body. Any tactile stimulation causes sucking movements in the infant. At first even touching the stomach or legs will bring out this sucking reflex. The tactile sense appears to develop out of the mechanical suck—chew—swallow stage. Gustabilia, olfactobilia and visibilia come very much later and are at first merely accessory to the prime agents in food-getting. But there comes a time when the eye, ear, etc., set up for themselves and become interested in things not connected with food. Thus the scope of the senses gradually increases.

Children as they develop this higher hierarchy have a deep sense of unreality. There was once a very satisfying rapport with the external world. The unicellular organism, laved in fluid charged with nutritive matter, absorbed its food and did not know the line between the self and the non-self. Consciousness came later, with more complex life. Now we feel that we have to validate the visual image by touch. We feel that eye knowledge is not quite real. We need more than one sense to make a thing very real. We hear, smell, touch, taste and see food, so every sense attests its particular reality.

Edibilia are the great criterion of reality. We do not merely comprehend the things we eat, we absorb them. A peculiar, outer projection precedes the inner perception. The base of the perception of an apple is space, color, form, etc. Time is required for the child to associate all these with the feeling of the apple when touched. The child learns first to recognize differences in food and much later differences in other objects. Incessant, very rapid and varied trophic sensations within are gradually built up into the experience of the outer world. The mother's breast, the bottle, the ringing of the clock, etc., all become food signs. If we could trace the

development of the milk complex it would show how the mind works.

Food hallucinations indicate that here are deeper mental disturbances than in any other realm. The outer world was first considered as food and other discriminations were built up on this basis. In this trophic philosophy we see that the first weeks of life are extremely important to the child. The outer world is a screen on which we throw our own inner states. The better-fed person is less inclined to subjective idealism. If he is satisfied by food he does not project and postulate things in a very real way.

In the beginning was feeling, the first feeling being that of absence or presence of food. Out of this developed other feelings and sensations. Hunger and satiety caused the development of a reality beyond the nutritive.

The trophic impulse of the cell moves on the face of the lymph nutritive fluid and raises it to the life of the cell, as of old the spirit of God troubled the waters and brought forth life. It is the acme of the vital impulse in the life of man.

In the beginning were hunger and food—the principles of light and darkness. The first expression of God on earth was the appetitive powers of the cell. Appetite developed the organs of movement to serve

it. We project the feeling of trophic needs into the stomach, although this is not the seat of hunger. We bunch these needs, so to say. The cells send in a message to the stomach and the stomach in turn calls up to the mouth and gives us taste.

The only supreme value is the food value and from this all other things derive their meaning. The task before us is to show that all through the history of philosophy the great values are surrogates for food values. We should never have had the search for reality and substance except as an expression of hunger. Supreme beauty is something exactly fitting the needs of hungry cells. Religion too develops out of this need. Man has always worshiped the gods as food purveyors: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Regression applies to hunger as to sex. Some writers have even gone so far as to apply it to religion. The rewards and punishments of the life beyond are designed, according to this view, to even up for a lack of correlation between virtue and happiness here below.

The heaven of the primitive mind is full of food activities. We say there shall be no hunger and no thirst there. Dante's hell is full of food punishments and his heaven is occupied by food rewards.

Almost all of the devils are eaters. They have long fangs and cruel mouths and the dread which they inspire is the dread of carnivora. With primitive creatures the stomach is often the grave. Life is a matter of eat or be eaten.

The struggle for life is largely a struggle for food; the will to live is first expressed as the will to eat. Here we have the biological basis of psychology. Every activity is, in a sense, an effort to satisfy the hunger of some set of cells. If there were not a little fasting in the body somewhere, we should all be fools or vegetables.

Every one should starve a little to get his nervous system into good training. People differ in their capacity to starve and in the amount of reserves which they carry. Real hunger is very different from the popular conception. It is a drain on the body organs which brings the nervous system into increased prominence and subjects it to increased tension. The general result is one of diffused anxiety, not for the race, but for the conservation of the individual. However, in all animals fasting causes an intensification of sex stimulation, as though when the individual life is threatened the race life is called out. There is a reciprocal relation between hunger and sex and a great output of nerv-

ous energy during fasting. A general malaise appears during hunger, just as in sex tension. Here is the raw material of all sensations, for genetically even sex grows out of hunger.

Quality, duration and intensity of sensations originate in the food sense and feeling. When we pass from the mouth to the stomach we are nearer the psychic primordium than anywhere else. There feelings and sensations have a similarity to the primordium from which they arose.

* * *

Enough has been given to indicate Hall's method of exploration in a comparatively new field. His exuberance bubbles over and in his lectures convinces his hearers that the psychology of food is unquestionably of foremost importance to psychology and to philosophy. He finds a new explanation for consciousness, a new cause for the development of body organs; he sweeps through the world of ethics and on the basis of a suckling infant evolves a mysticism of a new sort. He is concerned with nothing less than the meaning of reality. He seeks the ultimate differentiation between the objective and the subjective world.

But he was interested in the psychology of hunger

and of food only as a part of that larger genetic psychology which was yet to be written. Origins, primal causes, methods of growth and development —these were the focal points about which his mind revolved. His conclusions regarding the development of sensations out of hunger served as the starting point for what he felt would be his greatest work, the psychology of the feelings and emotions.

* * *

Under Hall's psychology of affectivity were included the following topics: feeling, itch and tickle, laughter, pleasure-pain, fear, anger, love and pity. Everything in the psyche, he declared, is genetically feeling. Every reaction retains some atom of feeling. Every image has æsthetic possibilities which may crop out in genius or abnormality. Feeling is the reaction of the older parts and processes of the soul upon those which are newer. Sometimes affectivity is the psychic response of the phyletic elements to experiences which are personal. Things which happen to us awake echoes not only of our own past experience but often of more remote and voluminous experiences of the race. The most rudimentary element in the soul is something which may be designated as affectivity. A blind trophism to-

ward pleasure preceded the development of the sense organs. Feeling cannot be logically defined, for it is the ultimate psychic factor. When the impulse to motion arises feeling becomes emotion.

The original primitive form of affectivity can best be studied in the sensations of itch and tickle, which survive as surpluses left over from the higher forms of vitality. The psyche began in something having these characteristics and out of itch and tickle developed all higher forms of sensation. Itch and tickle reverse the psychophysical laws, for a less intense stimulus causes a more intense sensation. We do not know whether the resulting sensation shall be called pleasure or pain. When we have one of the long, intense tickle reactions we are in the condition out of which arose the primitive psychic elements. What we sense in the shudder, in gooseflesh, in increased convulsibility, etc., are survival vestiges of the way new biological departures began. Sensitiveness near an organ is a left-over remnant from the sensitiveness which resulted in the production of the organ. These vestiges, instead of being lost, survived by assuming a secondary protective rôle for the parts which had become sense organs.

Some writers have derived all erotic functions from ticklishness. Certainly there is a great access

of ticklishness in boys and girls at puberty, and another increase appears after marriage, although this is not so great. Loss of ticklishness in young girls was regarded by savages as a bad indication of moral status.

Laughter is caused by a mental or psychic tickle. Man's soul is a kind of menagerie containing almost every kind of animal trait. These traits slowly accumulate energy till they demand a vent through which they may break in a psychic eruption. Crying and laughing are reversions by which rudimentary organs have their way.

The attraction of jokes lies in our being able to laugh at outgrown forms of mentation which were once very serious. Every state of culture must tolerate some form of license, such as April Fool's Day, which offers license to the young and to the lower classes to get back at other groups by practical jokes and insults, or the Saturnalia of Rome, which permitted the plebs to insult the patricians. The best forms of wit are naïvetés of children, because these express primordial feelings. One of the most striking phenomena in mental tickle is that it so often applies to serious subjects. Religions have been the target of wit, biting where disliked, pleasant where favored. Sex also is the subject of count-

less jokes and liberties taken even with death. Thus humor seeks to camouflage fear. Undue repressions cause obscene jokes in the natural attempt of the soul to get its rights.

One cause of pleasure is laughter at calamity or pain in others. We have little real grief at the funeral of acquaintances. We feel that every death brings a little benefit, if only in leaving a wider space on earth. Caricature and practical jokes are based upon the joy which comes from observing the distress of others.

The results of a slight fear which is overcome are important genetically. In babies, where the fear comes suddenly, there is a shock element followed by an overflow in laughter as the fear is overcome. The conquering of a fear is one of the greatest joys to the individual. The overcoming of old fears consists in reducing the pain field and increasing the pleasure field.

Every one needs all the pleasure and pain he can get so long as this does not imperil the harmony of the soul. Some of us need more pain, some more pleasure. Great novels and epics give us exercise in the rapid transition from pain to pleasure. The world's masterpiece, the passion and resurrection of Jesus, is a supreme illustration of this and can serve

as a form of affective education. The early Christians taught nothing but the death of Jesus, emphasizing the extreme pathos attaching to his beauty and youth and suffering. Jesus himself came to believe that he was the totem or Christ of his race, then that he was the son of the personal Jahveh, and finally that he was the ruler of a kingdom. At last on the cross, disillusioned, he realized that there was no God and he died miserable and an atheist. In the folk-story he was compelled to rise from the dead because of the ambivalent form of depression which tends toward exaltation. Likewise Balder died in the fall and came to life in the spring. Man has a spring-and-fall psychosis corresponding to the pleasure-pain principle.

The unconscious lives on the plane of the *Lust-prinzip*, immediate pleasure, which was once the only psychic process. Dreams and reveries continue on this plane. Sleep reverts to images of the psychic life as it existed before reality was recognized. The infant lives almost in the pleasure-pain state but he loses this when he is separated from his parents and has to face reality. We all have trying situations to meet and we have to struggle against the tendency to evade them and so to become strangers to life. Reality causes a repression of the pursuit

of pleasure. The neurotic finds reality intolerable and clings to the pleasure-pain principle.

In the process of facing reality we get many bumps and what we do not want is forced upon us. It is our function to make reality fit us, so we build houses, lay up food, put in roads and tunnels, adjusting the world to our wishes through action just as the dream or psychosis makes the world conform through the wish. The ability to change and to adjust to new situations is a measure of sanity and of genius. Substitution of the *Realprinzip* for the *Lustprinzip* means getting greater pleasure in the future at the cost of the present pain or denial. Religion brings renunciation of pleasures here by the promise of greater pleasures to come; hence the most religious are the most transcendental egoists and they do not at all do away with the pleasure principle. Science is a triumph of the *Realprinzip* for it is purely objective, offering truths which remain true whatever our wishes.

All the glands have pleasure-pain feelings. All our rudimentary sensations might have developed into specific sensations if mental development had been carried on further, and pleasure and pain might have become direct senses—may yet become such. Feeling instincts are insistent because they palpitate

with all the past, but we think only with the powers we have personally acquired. Our intellect is reacquired in each generation but our temperament is racial. Maturity is a therapeutic process by which consciousness corrects things in the environment. But during times of great organic trouble vestiges of feeling from the phyletic past continue to emerge.

Another great antithesis of the feelings is anger–fear. Anger makes for aggression and fear for docility. The efforts of man to overcome the environment, and so to substitute the *Realprinzip* for the *Lustprinzip*, are due to the aggressive force of anger. Anger is an expression of egotism and vanity, although it may be directed against the self, as in the case of the flagellants. Many real haters love anger and risk great pain to indulge in it. Homer calls anger the sweetest thing on earth. Love is taught and hate is repressed because hate is stronger. We all need some strong emotion, like anger, in order to feel ourselves in the power of something stronger than ourselves.

In children and savages anger is without aim. It is explosive, going off without direction and of itself. Anger, thus, is a physiological necessity, and only later in the life of the race and of the individual does it have direction. Running *amok* is another

form of unrepressed anger. Anger explosions may come without any external cause. Acquisition of the power of anger marked a great epoch in the life of man, making him able to summate his energies to fight his way up in the world. Psycho-analysis says that the best of anger, the explosion, is the orientation of an energy that ought to irrigate the whole life because it is the expression of the aggressive impulse of man to conquer a domain for himself. The will to live culminates in anger so far as the individual is concerned.

Anger is caused by some form of check on self-assertion and may be associated with sex. In sadism there is more of anger than of sex. All persons need an expression of anger at some time or other as catharsis. Even nations that have had too long an era of peace must vent themselves in war. It is sometimes held that all emotions in extreme form tend toward anger. No one emotion has been so repressed, not excepting sex. Society frowns upon its expression and many persons go through life fearing that they may have an outbreak. Thus has been developed an anger censor. In fact, all the Freudian mechanisms may be applied to anger, such as transfer and sublimation. Anger has dreams and day-dreams just as love has. When we are angered

it is natural for the imagination to run riot. To some minds anger may be called the great spring of the imagination.

Next to anger, fear has had a tremendous influence upon man's development. Man's long apprenticeship to fear has given him many of his best properties. Fear is anticipated pain, and attempts to avoid pain lead to prevision and preparation for the future. Man fears an infinite variety of objects, some with reason and some apparently without reason. The cause of his fear may lie in his personal life or in the history of the race. *Pavor nocturnis* in children is an expression of fear which has been carried in the unconscious. The child partially wakes from deep sleep, screams with terror and shows certain epileptic manifestations. He is seldom able to remember the dream that has frightened him. The shock of *pavor nocturnis* is explained by the evolution of sleep. When nearly all restraints are removed in deep sleep the primitive tendencies come out. The depth of sleep was far less in animal life, for sound sleep was dangerous and safety required a prompt waking. Night in primitive life was the time of greatest danger, so sleep was indulged in with reservation. *Pavor* victims look around for danger and show defense mechanisms, as if feeling

that they are likely to be attacked by something very ferocious.

Serpent-worship, one of the most prevalent cults and perhaps the oldest, has its roots in unconscious fear. This fear goes back to the time when ophidian forms were lords of creation and man was a puny, helpless creature. It seems improbable that man would have had his ambivalent attitude toward cats if there had never been any big cats. The Freudian assumption that the serpent is a phallic symbol and the similar theory of Abraham regarding the cat seem entirely overstrained, for they neglect the ontogenetic factor that snakes and cats have been dangerous to individuals and must have aroused fear at an early period of man's development.

Man has developed phobias about almost everything—acids, needles, wind, infinity, the ticking of the clock, a dread of thinking, duration of colors, fur, the dawn, blushing, error, robbers, blood, clouds, sleep, sex, feathers, etc. At the bottom of fear is shock. Life consists largely in taking from the unexpected and adding to the class of the expected. Nervous children have a dread of shock, such as a noise or being jumped at. Everybody wants something of shock and the unexpected, but too much is disintegrating to the soul. Freud considers

that man owes his spurty diathesis to the effect of sex shocks when a child, but Freud goes entirely too far in his analysis. He also reverses the situation by declaring that the association of victory and lust is due to man's venting in battle what he once vented in overcoming the female. It seems much more probable that the sadism aroused by the struggle of war is continued upon the women of the conquered people.

The shock-fear has given man the ability to summate all his nervous powers in order to escape. Man now has more spurty diathesis than he needs, so that when his environment becomes too monotonous he tends to break away and to make some great change in order to maximize his powers. We still like to alternate between drifting with the tide and rowing mightily either with it or against it.

Fear is a universal trait. All wild animals suffer from timidity. Man emerged as a fugitive, helpless creature in the trees. The dawn of religion is in fear, particularly in the fear of death and what comes afterwards. Fear is the great repressor of mankind, but it is also the cause of many useful activities. The fear of cold brought shelter, the fear of hunger caused the beginning of collecting. All agents that work against disease are likewise

products of the fear of death. Fear is not based merely on the will to be immortal but on the will to live on as vitally and as fully as possible. Fear of death is the residue of man's passivity which leads to science and to adaptation to nature. The largest purpose of science is the removal of fear, and much of the work of science is concerned with teaching men to fear aright.

Man's fear of ghosts led to his development of the first gods, which were very airy and very like ghosts. Funerals were developed as attempts to propitiate the ghosts. If we had never done any harm there would be no terrible ghosts. The other world, which because of the fascination of the air (the playground of man's imagination) has come to have a great power over us, gives us a realization of life in the future and a heaven which is the asylum of unfulfilled wishes. Heaven is the bulwark of a morality which has made a theology out of anthropology. Faith is the world's great system of psychotherapy and would have been unnecessary if we had been normal physically and psychically. Heaven is true enough now, but it will fade out when the superman arises capable of fulfilling all his desires upon this earth. If all man's powers and desires had been exhausted he

would fly to a death which he recognized as annihilation.

Certain general considerations apply to all fears and phobias:

I. Fear is the anticipation of pain. This is not prevision but a distinct forefeeling that a more unpleasant feeling impends. The will to live is narrowed in its range by some intimation that it will be still further held up. Fear makes the future dominate the present and but for it pain could do little educational work. Fear is the chief impulse to look ahead, as well as the chief spur to psychic evolution. The most intense psychic experience is pain, while fear is next. The power to forefeel pain is the most generic form of ideational states.

II. The fear state is intensely oriented not only toward the future but toward the past as well. Every individual must have suffered and that suffering must have left some trace. Probably the first memory was the recollection of pain. Pain is not always more intense than the imagined pain. Fear makes the past vivid and in time orients the soul. There is no fear without the conservation of past experiences. Both the intensity and the variety of fear depend upon the pain in the past, and too much pain will make any one fearful.

III. The present is never so compact as in the extremity of fear. Time is crammed with psychic affectivity. If pure duration exists at all it must be in moments of fear when time is bunched and the present sucks up the past and the future. We are never otherwise so conscious of each second. The soul is never so vital, so conscious of its own worth, so filled with a sense of the reality of the environment. On the one hand it is never so active, on the other, never so passive.

Most of what we call behavior—motility itself—may be described as pain-fugues caused by fear. The greater the sum total of activities, the greater is the chance of escaping danger. Fearsomeness stimulates the imagination and creates no end of fictive objects of terror. The prospect of pain acts as a great tonic and without danger life would be tame and anemic. We love to strive, so we come to love the fear which makes us strive.

Fear and rage each involves the other and there is a definite relation between the fear that flies and the anger that fights. The opposite of fear is hope, but there is no chapter on hope in our psychology. Hope is the anticipation of pleasure. Hope and fear oscillate as do pleasure and pain. Hope has its roots in the future and the past but

is focused on the present. If fear has predominated in the past, hope now increasingly predominates. When all hope is gone suicide is the one logical refuge of despair, but the soul has many devices to keep hope alive and to suppress fear.

Sex rewards go to the hero who most suppresses fear. The female feels that as he has overcome others so he can overcome her. The instinct of sex is polymorphic, the most transformable of anything in human nature. Just as death is the great negation, so sex is the great affirmation of the will to live. Orientation toward these two poles is only gradually acquired.

From the biological point of view man is aberrant sexually. The mystic Fall of Man was due to the development of the hand and its possibilities of misuse, the erect posture, and the use of fire and clothing. Excess sex energy began to be used for purposes other than procreation. For a time the sexual life of man ran wild. He sank to the completest degradation and phallic worship became the true religion. Then slowly man acquired the consciousness that he must save himself from the excesses into which he had fallen. He acquired a conviction of sin from which he has never been able to escape. He began to develop safeguards and pro-

tections, to endeavor to suppress sex and to seek its sublimation.

Psychology must advance the process of sublimation. We must find and control more of the psychic equivalents of sex. Out of surplus reproductive energy nature evolved all the Darwinian secondary qualities, and here is a hint of what may be the next upward step of man. The first and most obvious surrogate for sex is muscular activity. Idleness and laziness open the way to temptation and make far more dangerous the temptations that come. Modern labor, too, is unduly sedative. Far less understood is the vicariating function of almost any other kind of affectivity. All functions of the mind and body are erectile. All young people must have excitement, glow, an increase of blood pressure, and excitement in one direction strangely relieves it in another. In school, monotony and routine lay the basis for erogenous excitement and if legitimate expression is not provided young people will seek it in forbidden ways. Real life consists in the depth and variety of the sentiments. Whenever we can substitute interest and zest for what is dull and monotonous we are setting a backfire to sex temptations. Activities are a moral prophylactic.

Religion also is a great agency for sublimating

sex, yet religious excitement has a danger of tending toward sex lapses. Religion is a vicariate which in intense forms tends to stimulation. The theater is a form of catharsis by means of which the spectators pass through violent emotions and are safeguarded for a time against their passions. Dancing, properly circumstanced, is one of the most uplifting of amusements and must not be tabooed. In the past it was one of the chief forms of religion. The young must and will dance. Dancing can lapse into viciousness but is more capable of sublimating sex than any other form of social intercourse. If it is not fit for the church parlor this is our pedagogical fault.

In the beginning probably a diffused erogenic pleasure split off from the original hunger. We all have this from birth to death. Thumb-sucking is an instance of infantile sexuality which gives a peculiar quality of pleasure. If the libido is denied a normal outlet it is apt to flow backward, to lower and lower levels of infantilism. Such denial also causes a withdrawal of the libido into the world of fantasy. Those who cannot use their *élan vital* in a normal way still retain symbols of sexual desire in hysteria, dementia præcox, etc.

All libido not necessary for reproduction should

be sublimated. Man has done this by transferring to the ground many sex activities, such as cultivation. Plato said that creation is love diverted. How to be creative is the great question for every one. Women can be creative through children, through love and through works of art. All creativeness is a sublimation of the desire to have children. Without this desire and its sublimation we shall never amount to anything.

Art had a sexual origin as one of the attempts of man to cure himself by sublimation. The direct sublimate of sex is inspiration in all its forms. The great artist is one who can turn his libido upon the world of fantasy, make excursions therein, and return to the everyday world with creations which will appear stamped with authentic beauty for those not capable of making such adventures of the spirit themselves.

* * *

Any brief of these lectures must remain crude and incomplete, and it is even possible that in this summary not all of Hall's views are correctly stated. A great many of his ideas put him outside the boundaries of science and into a field where one man's guess is as good as another's. Hall was not averse

to guessing and not afraid to take chances in these tremendously important borderlands of human psychology. He was trying to learn the truth through any possible means. As he said himself, he did not fear to be a Parsifal stumbling along paths wiser men refused to follow.

He was, more than once, condemned for letting his theories take him out of the field of the true and tried, but he continued to be something of a prospector, washing every stream for gold, hopeful always of finding the magic grains in the bottom of the pan. Often enough he thrilled at finding what in the end proved to be fool's gold rather than the true. His tests of genuineness were often crude; his conclusions were influenced by his desires. No laws of mental life will be named after him. Had Hall lived another twenty years he would certainly not have written a text and almost certainly never have developed a system; he would not have gone through the drudgery of schematizing and organizing his knowledge into a form that would withstand analysis. In all his long life of research he made no great discoveries—but he never faltered in the search for truth. His greatest service unquestionably lay in his capacity for stimulating others. His vigorous imagination cast off countless sparks, some

of which, tended by other hands, have developed into a steady flame. He liked to say that the mind of man is much older than man himself, and in this he found a peculiar reassurance, as though one could never know which of the half-understood whisperings of this ancient mind might prove to be intimations of a new heaven and a new earth.

CHAPTER VII

Psychograph of a Man

The soul of man is faulty and abounds in vestiges of animality . . . but on the other hand it is preponderantly good and creative.

Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology.

Psychograph of a Man

FOUNDER'S DAY at Clark was always the occasion of a joint celebration of the birthdays of Jonas Clark and G. Stanley Hall. At the next to the last Founder's Day which he was to see, in February, 1923, Hall was asked to speak to the students. Addressing an audience largely composed of young men who had entered Clark after his own connection had ceased, the former President chose to speak upon the subject of judging men and to describe his own particular scale by means of which he evaluated others.

This was perhaps the last signal demonstration of the peculiar power which he had over his listeners, for in this address he reverted almost completely to his classroom manner. His manuscript lay before him on a high 'pulpit,' it was necessary for him to bring his eyes very close to the typed page from which he read, and the reading was accomplished by means of sharp little darts into the manuscript and up again. As usual he was in tremendous haste; his words were poured out as if some inexora-

ble figure would surely call time on him before he was half finished; his reading was expressionless except for odd bursts of emphasis upon the ends of sentences, which he sometimes brought out vigorously in a sort of triumphant fervor. On he hastened, sweeping his hearers along upon a stream of words half understood, giving them flashing glimpses of great ideas, out of the commonplace things of life building for them a new exaltation and a new hope. The college boys came away declaring that they would never forget that hour. They had sat at the feet of a master of persuasion; they had peered, fascinated, into their own souls, and had glimpsed there untold riches which a lifetime would be all too short to realize.

The traits by which Hall judged men are given, with his usual lack of system, under the chapter heading "Progress in Psychology" in his *Life and Confessions*. They are: health, second breath, free mobilization up and down the pleasure-pain or algedonic scale, sympathy, love of nature, sublimation, activity *versus* passivity, loyalty or fidelity. Like all good psychologists he took his psychology, in the last analysis, from himself, and these standards may very readily be turned back upon him for his own appraisal. Psychologists with one form of

imagery strongly developed tend to see life in terms of that, those lacking in poetry and fantasy deride imagination as a low and unworthy aspect of mental activity, and those who test poorly themselves, or, worse still, whose children do badly on mental tests, tend inevitably to doubt the value of such testing. Hall had this same characteristic, unquestionably, and most of the traits which he includes in his psychograph for other men are ones on which he would himself rank very high, although this is not true of all.

On his psychograph health came first—"to succeed one must, first of all, be a good animal." And what a splendid animal he was! How cheerfully and impudently he was able to disregard the advice of physicians. He became master of his bodily hygiene, just as he had of his mental hygiene, and he lived according to what was good for him. There is nothing so physically destructive as highly organized mental effort, yet he was able for more than forty years to get through, with a tremendous drive, a long and exacting schedule each day. Rising at eight, he dictated to his stenographer and attended to executive details, lectured at eleven, kept the afternoon open for his students, if possible took a walk about four o'clock, read and worked

through the evening, and went to bed about midnight. However hard other persons around him were working, they could be certain that "G. Stanley" was working harder still.

Physical vigor was the great gift he received from his sturdy, hard-working, long-living ancestors. Mental vigor was his as a specialized aspect of the same thing. He had drive and dash and energy and endurance. He could work long hours and still find strength to play. He could carry great burdens without any danger of fainting or faltering under them. Nevertheless there were times when he grew very tired and interest flagged, so that the Puritan in him had to flog him on to accomplish what he had undertaken. There were times when lecture engagements in other cities seemed a terrible strain; he would start out reluctantly, declaring that he would rather be kicked than go. But go he did, and these periods of low vitality and feeble interest seem with him to have been much more rare than with most men.

He declared that most of the worth-while work of the world has been done by strong and well men, offering as examples such names as Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Goethe, Helmholtz and Edison. "My thesis is that most of the best of the world's work has been

done by men in moments of superb health, that great achievements are products of abounding euphoria or joy of living, of superabundant vitality."

So important in later years did his concept of *whole-ness* (holiness) become that he wrote a book about this idea, calling it *Morale, the Supreme Standard of Life and Conduct;* and proclaiming in it a new and personal religion of living always at the top of condition. To live always at the tip-top of his condition was his ideal, and one which perhaps he came as near to realizing as any man alive.

Second breath was a favorite notion of Hall's. Something about it exercised a constant fascination over him, and he introduced it under all sorts of guises. "Much of the world's best work has been done by men in a certain state of mental exaltation akin to what athletes call the second breath." After hard work, lack of sleep and the point of fatigue we come into a new power, our work grows easy and does itself, we seem to have tapped some new source of reserve energy. "Psycho-analysis has shed much light upon it and deems it mental erethism, the psychic vicariate of sex and its highest form of sublimation. It is the harnessing of the older, vaster, unconscious part of our psyche to help us on to our consciously chosen goal."

Hall wished to test men by their ability to use this power aright. They must not waste it or exhaust it unnecessarily, but they must be able to command this great resource when they truly need it. Uniformity of labor from day to day is a rare thing and during most of his life on earth man has been doing things in a spurty way. He must have periods of excitement to bring out his powers. "After a long period of discredit we are just now realizing afresh the vastness of the treasure thus placed to our credit in the bank of heredity and learning to utilize it, not only against many subtle nervous and other disorders of our overwrought age but for greater efficiency in the intellectual tasks confronting us."

Here we have the true man speaking—"for greater efficiency in the intellectual tasks confronting us." He must always be coming back to that, for his whole life turned upon it. How could he become more efficient in attacking and mastering the intellectual problems before him? He had learned for himself this phenomenon of rising above self and fatigue and circumstance which might prove inhibiting. He had himself that spurty diathesis for which second breath is so essential. He was the race-horse, exercising regularly for the great

time to come, but conserving his energies until the moment when he should stake everything upon the results of a single gallant attempt. He urged his students to give themselves without reserve until they felt the "fever of the second breath which will inaugurate a higher and perhaps epoch-making intellectual experience," for he felt that it is in such forge and heat that great discoveries have been hammered out.

Second breath was to him the means of becoming for a brief space the superman for which man's capacities are slowly forming, and he rejoiced in the occasion to get out of and above himself, to reach a certain automaticity where functions proceed smoothly and without apparent effort. All this may sound a little mad to some, but he did not hesitate to declare that "those whose psychophysic organism is such that they cannot sometimes scud for a time in a mild brainstorm, with all sails set and every cord tense yet without danger, must resign themselves to the career of those who may be good but can never hope to be very good."

The truth is, Hall was an artist and knew the artist's fervor when he came to do his best work. Seizing upon the work of Cannon on the endocrine glands that, when the organism is near exhaustion,

rouse themselves to cause the liver to pour sugar into the blood and so to give a new and sometimes augmented strength, as in the case of football players who come back from the verge of collapse to make a final, brilliant dash, Hall combined this physiological basis with his own remembered experiences of the 'divine afflatus' and evolved his mysterious second breath which provides us with a reservoir not only of all that we have done but of all that our forebears were and did.

Free mobilization up and down the pleasure-pain or algedonic scale was another concept which inspired him. Heaven and hell he believed were both necessary for a complete psychic orientation, and Christ's failure on the cross and triumphant resurrection from the tomb represented to him the world's great masterpiece of algedonic variation. Pleasure and pain were to him the two nodes of experience from which all life, from the amœba up, had learned its standards of behavior.

Hall himself showed an extreme motility up and down this scale, already illustrated in the description of the varying aspects of his personality as puritan and pagan. To others who could not change so readily his shift in mood must often have been sadly annoying. He never asked for sympathy for

himself, even in his darkest troubles, and this may have been due partly to his own determination to mount as rapidly as possible from the depressed end of the scale.

From joy to sorrow his life rang its changes in more than usual range. Although he had known more disappointments than most men he was able to feel that his life had been greatly filled with interest and even with joy. One student declared that his books present "a strikingly beautiful picture of a successful experiment in the art of living, a strenuously happy life," and so he must have appeared to some though to others he seemed forlorn and deserted, bereft of the warm human ties which for most of us make life worth while. He knew moments of darkest pessimism about the human race, but these were always dominated and wiped out by a rebirth of hope and confidence.

"Everybody needs all the pleasure and pain they can get without imperiling the harmony of the soul," he declared. Some, he felt, need more pain and some more pleasure. In the rapture of sorrow he thought we should feel that we are gaining a wider soul through pain.

Hall was a man of wide sympathies. How often we say that, and how little it means! Very often

we mean only that the man is a good listener, willing to hear the recital of other persons' woes and happinesses. Sympathy is a gift of the spirit, vouchsafed only to those who can project themselves into another's personality, can squarely confront the problems which are another's, can fight a losing battle in another's name, can die or triumph in an unfamiliar cause.

The young know an emotional sympathy, a flaming need of self-sacrifice, an enjoyment of tears and exultation for another's sake, but this is a quality which seems to narrow amazingly with the years. Prejudices come to hedge our sympathies round. Race and caste and creed, sex and especially age, help to shut us off from any genuine sharing of interests.

Hall was convinced that acceptance of evolution had vastly broadened and intensified sympathy with everything living, "for we realize that not only all men but all animals are branches from the same ancestral trunk and therefore are, in a sense, blood relatives."

Sympathy is the passive aspect of entering into and becoming part of another. Encouragement and definite aid are its active side. In this Hall was particularly apt. He was not, indeed, especially

gifted in expressing sympathy. Sometimes such an expression would come from him, bluntly and almost curtly, as if it had been forced out of him, and his manner directly after would be constrained and regretful. But if he was not so skilled in smooth expressions of sympathy no one could be more capable than he in matters of specific interest and concern. A student who wanted a position would be met at the door with eager questions: What had he heard? What had he done? Had he thought of this possibility, of that chance? Another student would come in to discuss his thesis problem: Had he read this? Had he experimented thus? Did he know of that? A strange man or woman might write to tell of some personal difficulty in love or work, and Hall's letters would be frequent, full of a vigorous interest. Whatever the problem the same eagerness would appear, the same sharing of the other's needs.

He held that the normal attitude toward those below us was to help them to evolve and advance, while to all above and beyond us we should become docile, aspiring to gain their higher levels. Here again appears his concern with saving souls. To evolve and to advance, that was to save one's soul. Not only was he eager to help others develop them-

selves to the utmost, he could take a whole-hearted delight in the advancement of others with whose development he had had nothing to do. Many a scientist in a different field has been refreshed and encouraged on his way by the appreciation of this New England psychologist.

Mrs. Frank B. Gilbreth has a characteristic story to tell, and there must be many others like it. Hall did not hesitate to back new ideas, to put his optimism and high hopes back of movements which had not established themselves. He had in his intellectual life nothing of niggardly caution, nothing of the carping critic, nothing of the timid savant who must himself have proved a thing before he will speak in its favor. At a time when psychology and engineering were as two separate worlds in complacent ignorance of one another he came out in great enthusiasm for such a combination as the Gilbreths were making, threw his seminar open to a discussion of their problems, and set some of his graduate students to investigating the application of psychology to efficiency engineering, hoping that something of this application might be carried back into the field of educational psychology. "Oh," cried Frank Gilbreth, on the occasion of Hall's death, "how I wish we had written him to tell him

how much his encouragement, coming at just that time, was to mean to us!"

Not only did he like to help struggling students find themselves and later find jobs, more than anything he rejoiced in finding a wider hearing for new ideas. A new student was a brand saved from the burning, a lost sheep who could be guided into those lofty paths to which his heritage entitled him. "Just before entering Clark," writes one student, "as a crude youth of twenty-one, I called on him in his study. I hadn't fully decided to accept the scholarship which had been offered me. He showed such a sympathetic interest in my personal plans—even the little details of the summer vacation trip I was taking—it moved me toward making the decision."

Hall was sympathetic toward practically all ideas. He was respectful toward the ideas of the layman, even of the ignorant. He kept abreast of what the world was thinking, as well as of what the scientists were doing. With his belief in the importance of the folk-soul, of the genuine values contained in myths and folk-tales, he watched with interest any manifestation of human nature. He was not convinced that truth could be found only along certain conventional paths, he was willing to encounter truth outside as well as in the beaten

roads of scientific inquiry. He was sympathetic not only to the influences that might come from the laboratory but to those to be found in "the round ocean and the living air and the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Another student writes of his sympathy: "However much Hall grew in the direction of impatience with the slow and to him often insignificant progress of the laboratory worker, nevertheless the facilities for laboratory research never suffered at his hands, and the individual workers themselves often felt in Hall the administrator a pride in, and encouragement of, their work 'patently' denied by Hall the geneticist."

Sometimes, but not always, he was able to be sympathetic toward divergent points of view, that narrowest test of the great soul.

Tolerance he made no place for in his psychograph, doubtless because of its closeness to sympathy. The only things toward which he showed no tolerance were the charlatans and fakers of different sorts, and toward them his anger was deep and strong. A great world movement which aroused nothing but antagonism in him was Bolshevism, and this was probably due more to the early methods of terrorization and cruelty in Russia than to any-

thing else. For those of different religions he manifested the gentlest care, putting forth his own views mildly, if at all, and giving them the opportunity to express their views as firmly as they might wish.

Love of nature, his next criterion, was not a particularly striking characteristic of Hall. He seemed to have a generalized love of nature, rather than a specific. He found a great delight in walking and used to take groups of students for walks through the woods. Climbing had for him always a peculiar fascination. But as a rule his appreciation of nature seems to have been based upon the generally salubrious effects resulting from a trip out of doors, rather than from any particular æsthetic enjoyment of special beauties. He liked to think of ancient star-gazers elaborating their religions or of the druids worshiping some great tree and felt that poetry and art as well as religion and science have their roots in the love and wonder nature inspires.

Sublimation was one of his most important tests of a man, and he applied it constantly to himself and to others. The notion of sublimation he found to be the most attractive of the psycho-analytic theories and he never ceased to stress its importance. It meant to him the substitution of beneficial and socially desirable activities for others which were

harmful. It was self-control such as the Puritans advocated, only now upon a sounder basis. Speaking of sex, he declared that its "perversions are the worst and its sublimations the best things in the human world." As man had 'fallen' and acquired his conviction of sin through abuse of sex, so must he rise to higher things by the sublimation of the same instinct. "So many of the higher powers of man are sublimates of this instinct that success or failure in this process has always and everywhere been regarded as one of the chief criteria for the estimation of character and one of the best scales on which to measure the degree of its development." It will be noted that it is sublimation and not normal functioning of sex which he considered the best thing in the human world. The Puritan in a man dies hard. It never died in Hall. It made him take sex too seriously, made him preoccupied with its dangers and caused him to exaggerate the mysteriousness of woman. Sublimation may have been the only creed that he could live by, particularly as he grew older and the demands of his world pressed more heavily upon him, but it seems highly probable that if he could have sublimated less and lived more he would have been a stronger and a greater man.

Yet sublimation with Hall was not, as it so often was with his Puritan ancestors, the negation of the natural tendencies of man, but rather a reconditioning of these tendencies. Thus he makes the practical suggestion that violent physical exercise is useful in helping youth past the early period of stress, and that dancing is desirable as offering a vicariate for the complete sex act. In the last analysis Hall's doctrine of sublimation, according to which he sought to regulate his own life and which he preached to his students and friends, is based partly upon fear and partly upon a very practical understanding of human nature. He regarded sex so seriously, as such a power for good or ill, that he had to be a little afraid of it. He had long since relinquished the conventional notions of morality but he had gone on to develop his own morality of self-control and intelligent direction of behavior. He must have listened, in that old study of his, to many a story of illicit love and of the tragedies which passion sometimes brings the psychoneurotic, and so long as there was tragedy, potential or existent, his concern and his deep sympathy were enlisted, but if a note of flippancy crept in, Hall's sympathies were likely to be alienated. He had a puritanic distrust of those who toyed with sex as one

of the major amusements. Actually his theory of sublimation as the means to inspiration of the artist takes little account of the fact that great artists in all lines have often been known likewise as great lovers. He appeared to accept Jung's conception of the libido as a great torrent of energy capable of being channelized into one or many streams, but he failed to allow sufficient importance to individual differences in energy content. He could understand everything about sex except its function as the last cosmic joke. He condemned the exquisite trickery of *Jürgen* as a filthy book and the play called "The Goldfish" filled him with horror.

Dr. Fisher writes of his puritanic attitude emerging in relation to the treatment of sex, "especially in its perverse manifestations, where occur expressions of a rather tense ethical character which ring strangely in a scientifically aimed treatise and lead to uncertainty as to what fundamentally the author's position is." He had little use for Don Juan, yet he could understand the drive that Don Juan felt; the Pagan enlightened the Puritan, but the Puritan as usual triumphed, in evolving a theory of sublimation possessed of considerable utility and even of a certain beauty.

Activity *versus* passivity was his seventh trait, the

difference between the doers and the knowers, between the extroverts and the introverts. He felt that there are oscillations in all of us between these two poles and believed himself to fluctuate markedly from introvert to extrovert and back again. He shows in this belief some recognition of the dualism which was so marked in him, of the struggle between the desires to experience all things and to understand and make use of all things. He wished to be a thinker and a scholar, but he was constantly disturbed from the life of meditation by the number of fascinating things there were to do. If he was gathering knowledge he could not at the same time be giving out the slow-formed honey of wisdom, and in him this struggle between doing and thinking went on always, with, in the end, experience triumphing over expression and an old man dying in the midst of material for more books than he could properly produce within another decade.

Once he quoted with gusto the words from Browning's "Saul":

> I have gone the whole round of creation.

To taste and touch and see and hear all things was indeed the aspiration dearest to his heart, but unfortunately for the accomplishment of this desire he

craved also to write the story of this magnificent round of creation, so that for him eighty years did not begin to be enough of life. This feeling that he must inevitably be cut short before his time caused him to feel a sympathy with "Back to Methuselah" and to agree with Shaw that a much longer period of maturity is essential to the future development of mankind.

Loyalty or fidelity is his eighth criterion. Loyalty to persons is something which Hall probably never had. He knew and understood too much. He saw all round the individual and so was not capable of a blind and consistent loyalty. It used sometimes to be surprising to hear the criticisms which he would make upon some individual who had the day before been the recipient of high praise. Loyalty as we ordinarily understand it is a part of a consistent and unchanging attitude toward persons and life itself, and this consistency was ever a difficult thing for Hall to attain. He had a consistency of ideal and of determination, but little consistency where persons, enthusiasms or projects were concerned. This lack of consistency made him appear a greater liar than he really was and it was at times the despair of members of his faculty.

He was a master casuist, and had he lived in an-

other age and place, he might very easily have become a Jesuit of great eminence. Perhaps he is best explained by our conception of the Jesuit of the sixteenth century, a man whom we imagine to have been utterly loyal toward one faith and utterly opportunistic toward everything else. Yet this is not wholly correct, for Hall had many faiths and he could put on a surface loyalty which sometimes brought very fine results. He could be relied upon to stand back of his students and friends wherever his name and prestige might be of value, yet he could not be relied upon to treat any one respectfully or consistently in private. Perhaps we may say that he had a consistency of action far more than of thought. Like all executives, and more than many, he was able to divide his personality into official and non-official aspects, and he could be for or against the individual according to what he felt the situation demanded.

Yet no one was more quick than Hall to come to the rescue of victims of crowd attacks, of mob injustice. A socialistic and imprudent professor was protected by him at a time when intolerance was the badge of a country at war. A scientist who was made to suffer professionally for his amatory indiscretions received Hall's indignant sympathy.

Organized attacks by some of the prudes of the University upon the character of the women students were met by him with impassive contempt. He had this high consistency, that he was a foe to intolerance and the enemy of mob judgments. He had little concern with the guilt or innocence of the person attacked; what seemed to him the terrible thing was the dominance of crowd psychology and the tendency to stampede among the silly herds of men. He might be concerned with helping the unfortunate individual, or he might consider him an awful fool; what chiefly occupied his interest in the situation was saving the souls of those who made up the mob, helping, so far as he was able, to check the development of emotional and unbalanced habits of response.

Though he was not a loyal friend he was a magnanimous enemy. He had little capacity for retaining rancor and could not understand how other men had treasured up against him the things which he had said in times gone by. Life was for him too full for retaining petty hatreds and he was too busy for the doing of petty evil. Though he had deep sympathies for the individual his heart was wrapped up in the interests of the race. The pursuit of knowledge and the glorious future of man-

kind were the two altars which he kept holy and before them he burned his candles of purest loyalty. Individuals came and went before his eyes, sometimes to his deep personal sorrow, but against the cosmic background he saw them move, unimportant save as heralds of an untouched divinity.

In his eight traits that make a man Hall failed to include intelligence. This was doubtless due to his feeling that he was taking up the more unmeasurable aspects of personality. But in plotting Hall against this psychograph which he laid down we cannot fail to touch on the quality which most set him apart from other men. No one who ever crossed phrases with him could forget the keenness of mind, the agility and verve and brilliance of the antagonist, and no inferior intellect ever survived in the struggle. It was this mental alertness of the highest sort which made him such a power for many years and which gave him a rare dominance in personal encounters. He could think faster than most men. He could dazzle and charm and frighten by this ability. He could use mind and the silken torment of a perfect phrase to chastise the intellectual pretender. But he was not a profound logician, he was not given to contemplation of a balanced and weighty sort, he moved ahead of most men in keen-

ness and in ready grasp of a situation but he sometimes lagged behind in accuracy of objective. Mental alertness is the correct phrase by which to describe him. Heredity made him thus alert and the New England training made him industrious, and in these two traits we find the threads which draw his baffling personality into a kind of final unity.

CHAPTER VIII

The World Looks at Genius and Is Somewhat Disturbed

I would rather be a fool of the Parsifal order stumbling along paths wiser men would fear to tread than a partisan who could not see impartially the real good being done by all who make positive additions to our knowledge.

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist.

The World Looks at Genius

IF any of us could overhear the freely expressed opinions of ten or twenty persons regarding our intelligence, personality and achievements, we should probably encounter a great surprise. Not only would the views of these ten or twenty persons fail to agree with our own, but they would fail to agree with each other. Such diversity of opinion appears to be about as great for achievement as for more personal features. Very often there is no way of evaluating achievement except through a process of æsthetic appreciation, and it is well known how strangely individual are all æsthetic values. The building which seems beautiful to one group is uninteresting to another; the peace treaty which seems most excellent to one party repels the other as an abomination of the devil. In the field of literature and the less tangible creations of thought this confusion of judgment is even more striking.

It is not surprising that a man known to so many groups, and to such widely varying groups, as was Hall should be particularly exposed to this diversity

of opinion. His advanced age, also, helped to make men's views of him contradictory. Some men show a marked tendency to continue uncritically to admire whatever they found admirable when they were young. Others, of equally unscientific nature, show just as strong a tendency to revile whatever they admired at an early age. Hall lived long enough to have vogue and to decline in popularity, and he adventured into such diverse fields that the same individual might assail him for work in one line and praise him for work in another. It has been said that at one period no important educational position was filled without his approval, but this was far from being true at the last.

In many companies the mention of Hall's name is sufficient to start a fight. He has been accused of almost all the scientific crimes, and a goodly number of non-scientific ones as well; he has been credited with almost every possible defect as a thinker and a man; and he has been rapturously and idolatrously praised.

If personality is the consensus of other persons' judgments of the individual, then Hall can surely have had no personality. The surplus which remains after a balance of the contending forces has been struck is very slight indeed. But personality

is something more than this pooling of judgments. It is more even than an assembling of judgments wherein all are retained however contradictory their forms. If to one a man appears austere, to another hearty and companionable, we may try to dodge the difficulty by saying, very well, it is clear that the man is both austere and hearty. We may say that personality is a variable between two individuals, that it is a double product, and this is very suggestive for problems of personnel selection, vocational guidance, grading of school children, and such things; it may indeed help to keep us all humble in our judgments and hesitant about the use of the blackball, lest our unfavorable judgments come back upon ourselves. But no one, surely, except the applied psychologists who are under the necessity of arriving at working approximations, can be satisfied with such a view of personality. Most of us will continue to cling to the belief that personality, although a creation of the multiple influences of social and physical environment acting upon the hereditary structure of the individual, will present certain constants if we can but get close enough to it to identify them.

But unfortunately we never can get close enough to a personality to envisage it whole and constant.

This is perhaps the most discouraging aspect of human nature, that we will never quite know any other human being. Yet it makes the pursuit of personality, although baffling, one of the most fascinating of mental activities. For this reason we turn to a biography, as to a museum, hoping that here we shall find stuffed and exhibited in glass cases, the inner springs of motivation. We can all be behaviorists in our everyday life, but we want something more than this. We want to know the inner, secret reasons why men act as they do. We want to know what men really are. And this is why we are attracted to the study of great personalities.

Another reason for so turning to the pages of books is the inescapable loneliness of the human soul. Never quite knowing any one around us, we hope that we may come closer to the men and women of the past. Sometimes we feel that we have done so, when out of the pages of a book there comes a flash which seems for a brief space to illuminate the world and to make all things clear. Sometimes there comes a feeling that here in this man's life, in that woman's story, is what we have been seeking, that here we approach reality.

Yet is not literature, like the other arts, esteemed as one of the greatest means of 'flight from reality'?

Everybody, in these days of psycho-analysis, knows what that means, and probably every honest person has recognized in himself at one time or another an imperative need to flee from the conditions of his existence. Some turn, in these moments, to art; some go to the 'movies'; some take to drugs; and some, with a bullet or a plunge into the river, start on the last great adventure.

But not one of us is seeking to walk, like Alice, through the Looking-Glass—not one of us wants to talk with a pack of cards; we are seeking men and women who are still men and women, but understandable, seeking conditions of existence that will still be real and satisfactory as well. Not into the Looking-Glass world but into an orderly and comprehensible reality do we seek escape from this confusing jumble of sensations which make up our world. We are flying from a reality that has no meaning into a reality that is founded upon eternal verities.

Of course we shall not find all this. If there are any eternal verities we do not know what they are, and we should doubtless fail to recognize them if they presented themselves. The charm that was in Stanley Hall for many persons lay as much as anywhere in the belief that here at last was a man

who could understand them, a man from whom the secrets of human nature were not hidden, who could finally supply a meaning to life itself. He had looked at human nature a long time and he still continued to find it good. He seemed to see more than other people and to be ready to pass on to others something of what he had seen. His life was a comfort and a security to many who might have despaired without him.

Yet when we come to seek some reflection, some indubitable, even though distorted, image of Hall himself, we find ourselves looking into a phantasmagoria of amazing contradictions, for neither his friends nor his enemies seem able to agree about him. A remarkable study of personal judgments concerning Hall has been brought together by a former student, Professor E. D. Starbuck, and his results should remain for a long time the classic example of the freakishness of all evaluations of character and personality.

One psychologist writes, "Hall was the most desirable kind of a pioneer—one whose work indicates the immense fields as yet untilled." Another declared that he was "not even a pioneer—his thoughts never went anywhere." A third praised him because he "dared to apply the methods of

science to fields that had been sacred hitherto either from prudery or superstition—witness his *Adolescence* and *Jesus the Christ*."

A scientist condemns him for 'too great toleration and catholicity,' and others declare their adverse judgments in the following terms: 'imperfect methodology'; 'uncritical'; 'rather wild collecting of analogies'; 'poor judge of his own ideas'; 'vague and inexact'; 'turned away from the study of mind to the study of life as lived; values have no place in psychology.'

He is condemned for making disciples rather than problem-solvers. Surely the assumption underlying this was far from true. There probably never lived a man in his position more afraid of disciples, less responsive to adulation and imitation, more willing to allow his students to work out their studies along the lines of their own choice. Repeatedly students were known to fight with him over their dissertation topics and to carry their own views through to triumphant publication. That Hall received his quota of imitation cannot be doubted. No man so dynamic as he could have avoided this, but he was often both amused and annoyed by books and articles which were obviously his own ideas stirred into a sort of mental hash. Nevertheless, that he did

not make solvers of problems, in the sense of narrow experimental research or of statistics, is certainly true. He was never possessed by an enthusiasm for statistics, although he could appreciate the value of such work as a means to understanding certain problems. The long and futile struggle which raged for years over the Clark questionnaire method illustrates his attitude very well. The statisticians objected to these questionnaires on the ground of their selective nature, while Hall valued them because they were capable of affording insight into the intricacies of human personality. His emphasis being always upon the individual and his responses, rather than upon a non-existent norm, Hall was a case worker in the truest sense. He had no time to work correlations—he was too busy studying the universe. But that he did develop research students of high rank is obvious from a survey of the leading men in all fields of psychological inquiry, many of whom will be found to have been his students. One of these leaders writes on this score: "It is this spirit and attitude which all Clark men acquired from G. Stanley Hall that tends to make us devote every spare hour we have or can steal to research in a science which he made so all-alluring and inclusive." In this connection

Lewis M. Terman says: "I am lucky enough to have had seven really great teachers. It is no disparagement of the other six to say that my greatest debt is to Stanley Hall."

By one evaluator he is estimated to have been "a negative force in experimental psychology," while another declares that "the chief contribution of G. Stanley Hall seems to me to be his true perspective of real experimental research in psychology."

Two psychologists differ over Hall and Freudianism, one of them saying of Hall, "He has not the slightest conception of what an exact scientific method consists in—what, in fact, one could predict of any one who swallows whole the Freudian mythology."

Others disagree over *Adolescence*, the two-volume contribution by which he is probably best known and which shows both his faults and his virtues in clear fashion. Two deans of education praise this as a "major contribution to genetic psychology," "a marked contribution—the best that has been written in that field," while another eminent psychologist considers it "a highly colored account that as frequently obfuscates as it clarifies this highly important life period."

One declares that Hall "had the delight of the faker and magician in astonishing and even shocking and bewildering suggestible companies and groups to which he happened to be speaking," while a respected technologist says: "He seemed to me to be in the intellectual twilight zone between genius and insanity, and those of his own pupils with whom I happened to come in contact in the early days of my psychological experience were, it seemed to me, most of them cracked." In spite of this, or because of this, the latter critic continues, "he certainly belongs somewhere among the first five psychologists of our times, perhaps he should be ranked second." Among the competitors of Hall for first place James was most often mentioned. Others were Wundt, Ladd, Stout, Stumpf, Kulpe and Ebbinghaus.

Starbuck summarizes these conflicting views into a composite picture of the majority which he believes would be about as follows: "He was a pioneer in his achievement and by nature; courageous, daring, resourceful, ever watchful for new trails and new ascents. He took large risks with eyes open; endured bafflements with stoicism and gathered strength by removing obstacles. And perhaps more than this generation realizes, he suffered for part

of his pioneer work and for his unflinching purpose to discover and publish the truth."

The validity of the last statement is illustrated by the tremendous *odium sexualis*, as Hall would have termed it, which was attached to him in many quarters because of his interest in sex instruction and in the attempt to understand the sexual problems of youth. At a time when Münsterberg, a much younger man, was deploring the present state of frankness regarding sex matters and predicting a return to great restraint, Hall was urging that we study and try to understand anything that might make the adjustment of the adolescent to life more satisfactory. That his interests should be misunderstood was something he came more or less to expect. More timorous spirits used him as the projection of their own desires and hung upon his name fantastic rumors of all known perversions. An austere man, somewhat cold and reserved, it was his fate to be credited with enormous sexual exploits, and he suffered for many years for his honesty in dragging into the light of science subjects of universal preoccupation. Yet with all his suffering from these misunderstandings he received an immense reward from the thousands of persons who wrote to him for help in solving their individual

problems. So much did he feel himself in the relation of a confessor to these persons that from time to time he burned large quantities of their letters, for fear that after his death they might fall into the hands of less understanding readers.

A deeply religious man, with a profound tenderness for Jesus and a gentleness toward all true believers in any religion, it was his fate to be credited here also with the opposite character. Even at his funeral he was the subject of attack. A speaker rose with kind words upon his lips, careful sentences ready to be spoken, and to his own obvious surprise found himself creating a small private scandal by striking at the man who lay there dead, by reproaching the man who could not answer, because, forsooth, he had never appreciated the institutional importance of the Christian Church. It was scandalous and weird, this exposure of the unconscious mind; but it was altogether fitting that in this last dreary public appearance Hall should not have been permitted, any more than in life, to escape without active condemnation from some source, and it was peculiarly appropriate that he should have been condemned for a sin that was not his. After the publication of his *Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology*, the writing of which had been for him

an act of devotion as well as a psychological analysis, he was informed by a close friend that it were better than he had died than write so blasphemous a book. Thus even in matters of religion he was misunderstood. The good that men do sometimes lives after them, but we may be sure that it will live in vastly different form from that intended by the doers, for there seems this peculiar irony running through all the circumstances of human life, that different eyes see things in different ways, even those that relate to such elemental matters as religion and sex.

While some of his contemporaries found Hall "in the twilight zone between genius and insanity," others felt that he lived upon a peak whence he saw more than most men are privileged to see. One psychologist writes: "I consider Hall an insurgent who did a great deal to make the American public more tolerant," and another declares that he admires Hall "for not caring a fig for scientific orthodoxy."

That he was free not only from religious but from scientific orthodoxy, a much more virulent disease in this age of worship of science and the making of it a last superstition, was one of his most puzzling aspects to many scientists who have contented themselves with wrapping their minds round with

certain prized and invincible formulæ. A student writes of him: "His thinking was free from all fears, tabus and authority-attachment, and as a consequence much of my dogmatism and many of my prejudices were destroyed." It was this function of prejudice-destroyer which made Hall such a dangerous and even mad figure to the orthodox.

Starbuck considers Hall as an emancipated personality who had attained to such "a world fellowship as few achieve," as the philosopher-psychologist who lived "in a diverse and growing world but one that was constantly striving for integration," and as the poet-psychologist whom many could not understand.

There is something about genius that is strangely disturbing to most people, perhaps at times to all of us. The category of genius falls outside all scientific terminology; it fits into no scheme of classification of human nature. On the now familiar bell-shaped curve which purports to represent the distribution of ability there is a place for the inferior, the average, and the superior man, but there is no place for the genius. Nobody has ever quite defined genius. Nobody knows what causes it. It has never been measured.

Sometimes we prefer to think of it as a quality or

trait. We prefer to say of a man, he has genius, rather than to say that he is a genius. In this we dodge the absolutism of the latter phrasing; we are enabled to conceive of genius as something of which one may have more or less. Yet even this does not help much. We say that Walt Whitman and Edgar Allan Poe had genius, yet how different the results of that genius. Similarly we might say that Charles Darwin and Stanley Hall had genius, yet this only serves to differentiate the two men and their methods the more sharply. The one could spend twenty years in working out a theory of the truth of which he was already convinced. The other held many theories and discarded many, and in his long climb upward in search of truth never retraced his steps, never indeed tarried long to cultivate any special plot of ground. Hall had genius and expressed genius, but not primarily in his work. It was his personality which was the chief expression of his genius.

Pioneer seems not quite the word for him, despite his genuine possession of many of the homely virtues of the pioneer. There was something wild and roaming in the heart of the New England boy who vowed to be something in the world. The pioneer takes up land and rears many children and founds a town. But the adventurer never quite settles in

any spot, never entirely forgets the lure of the road, never fails to quicken his step at the thought of seeing new sunsets flame above an unknown land. Hall was hard, as the adventurer must be. There was an isolation about him, an independence of human bonds and human needs. He kept his spirit in fighting trim. He never permitted himself to grow soft in the insidious atmosphere of comfort. No love ever quite tamed him. Most of us are bound by a network of affections and customs which hold us back from the long journeys we would like to take. Through a long life, and at a heavy cost, Hall managed to keep himself free, to belong to himself and to himself alone.

Yet, though he had the fine, clean hardness of the adventurer, he had the easy tenderness of the adventurer as well. He could not bear pain in animals, and because of this he gave up his beloved gun and his shooting. He could not bear pain and distress in human beings, and when such a case was presented to him he would respond readily, perhaps even uncritically. He could refuse almost anything by letter, but he was not so adept at refusing face to face. He could perceive the other's need so keenly, could forecast so clearly the possible results of his refusal of aid, that he often gave his

time, his encouragement and his backing to students whose faults he realized more perfectly than any of his critics.

He had the virtues and the defects of a man who serves other gods than those of the Every Day. His standards and his purposes were different from those of his neighbors. Most remarkable of all, he did not, generally speaking, mind being different. It is this that makes men question him. Most of us are so inescapably herd-minded that we cannot understand one who is freer than ourselves. A man may not be great without being somewhat solitary, but only those who have something strong and steadfast in their make-up can survive this solitude. Hall lived in the solitude—through the dire disappointments of the early years at Clark, when the founder failed to make good his early assurances and when Chicago was able to sweep away many of the strongest men of the faculty; through the tragic death of his wife and daughter; through the emotionally starved ten years preceding his remarriage; through the more tragic mental disease of his second wife; through the wanton destruction at Clark in recent years—to emerge as eager over a new book, a new idea, a new field of thought or flight of fancy, as he had been in his student days in Germany. Only

the words of the old hymns or the poems of another day can truly describe his unconquerable spirit. Most of us now probably smile at the thrill we once obtained from reading,

I am the captain of my soul,

yet this ideal is one of the inescapable human longings. More than of most men was it true of Hall. He was the captain of his soul. He shaped it to fit his own needs, yet sometimes he seemed to wonder, wistfully, if he would not have liked it better had it been shaped in another way.

CHAPTER IX

The Religion of a Scientist

I think I am praying for you in the only sense I can pray.

From a letter to a student.

The Religion of a Scientist

EVERY man has need of something about which he can feel religious. Some men find their satisfaction in the organized body of the church, some find it in patriotism, some in art, some—although perhaps fewer than the story-books would have us think—in the love of woman, some find it in science. The important fact is not so much the object of that particular complex of feelings which we call religion as it is the universality of the urge to be religious.

Auguste Comte made out of his science a religion and a church, with strange hierarchies and himself high priest, directed toward the worship of woman in the form of that one woman whom he had loved in vain—a curious mingling of sense and nonsense in the last wild flare of a constructive imagination. G. Stanley Hall, coming to manhood in the time of Darwin and of Huxley, found his escape from the rigidity of Puritan orthodoxy in an ecstatic acceptance of the mystery and the beauty and the far-reaching possibilities of the theory of evolution.

Hall himself wrote: "As soon as I first heard it in my youth I think I must have been hypnotized by the word 'evolution,' which was music to my ear and seemed to fit my mouth better than any other." On one occasion he was introduced to an audience as 'the Darwin of the mind' and he confesses that this compliment gave him more satisfaction than any other he ever received. "To contribute ever so little to introduce evolutionary concepts into psychology, where they were practically unknown, and to advance the view that there were just as many rudiments and vestiges in our psychic activity and make-up as in our bodies and that the former was just as much a product of slow evolutionary tendencies as the latter, comprised about all my insights and ambitions." He was able to realize these ambitions better than most men, for almost single-handed he introduced firmly into psychology the genetic view of the growth of mind from the most elementary sentiency up to and perhaps beyond man. But his conception of evolution never lost its poetic quality and he never ceased to envisage the evolutionary process as a grand, upward surge of life, with much of beauty and more of power and the allure of a great and unknown destination.

The Religion of a Scientist

He made a religion out of evolution and he taught it to his students with something of a religious fervor. This is the story he made for himself, in the long years when he had need of building up a religion that should sustain him until the end. Much of it is in his own words, as they were taken down from lectures.

* * *

In the beginning were time and space, indefinable and primordial, independent of man, continuous and unbroken, vaster than any imaginable bounds, yet indefinitely divisible. Time and space are indefinable because all else is defined by them. It is vain to question whether time is infinite and eternal. *Time contains every causal sequence that exists.* Every effect follows its cause in time, short though the interval may be. Time defies all definition because it is a fact, the *primum movens* of all genetic psychology.

All things are hoary with age and in a state of flux. All things are terminals of a vast past and germinals of a vast future.

Matter is infinitesimal when compared with the space in which it exists. Our earth is a tiny aggregation of star dust or sun dust or meteorites, moving

rapidly through space. There came a time when life moved upon this earth, but how we do not know. There is nothing organic and inorganic, but a perfect continuity exists between all things in nature. Metals show aspects of life and plants give indication of a psyche. Crystals have been spontaneously generated and show the capacity of reproducing themselves. All through the vast archeozoic age nature was making abortive efforts to produce life.

In the first single living cell resided all the potentialities which we see about us in the world and countless others as well. *Man is as old as life itself.* Man's soul harks back to an immemorial past.

In those early ages there was no death, and life was a simple process of division. From one cell came many cells. Death began when there was some little part which was snuffed out in the division. The primitive life forms were very plastic.

And they were hungry.

Hunger is interest. Hunger is curiosity. It is chemical. The food quest is the beginning of mental life.

Every thought and feeling has as its *motif* the feeding of the hunger of some group of cells. The

love libido is of first importance to the race, but the food libido is of first importance to the individual.

Every detail in both the life and the form of plants and animals is due to stimulation they or their ancestors received from the environment. Early life was too soft to leave any record in the rocks, but this softness made it easy to receive and to retain impressions. Some scientists believe that taste came first; others, smell; still others, mere chemical response to stimulation.

The amœba has a soul or else man has none. When the amœba avoids acid, is it making definite choice or is it acting mechanically? We must be vitalists or mechanists all the way along the series; we cannot shift our point of view when we come to man.

The protozoa show negative and positive trophisms—love and hate. They develop behavior by a process of trial and error, just as man does. Some people do not show as much sense as the Paramœcium, which knows what to avoid.

After the one-celled animals come the many-celled. Presently along the shore lines of the world there are myriads of cells and highly complicated tissues and organs. Life is moving up the scale.

Locomotion has become more efficient for seeking food and for escaping from enemies. There are jelly-fish, and crab-like animals, and worms that can swim and others with strange, long tentacles on their heads.

And in the worm is the nervous system that by and by man is going to have.

Life multiplies in the waters and grows dense, and the food quest is ever more important. Nature tries her hand on a vertebrate, cleverly protecting the brain in a bony case, and the shark family, light and active, defy the crustaceans and become themselves lords of creation. Vegetation is rich and thick along the shores, the lands spread an untouched banquet, and the insects rise from the water to seek this lusher paradise.

The majority of marine forms that aspire landward take to the rivers first and there succumb. In Devonian times the whirlwinds moved the fish about from salty lakes to others less salty. Some of the fish probably learned to creep on the bottom of rivers with their fins. There were many attempts, and many failures, to break into the air, while always the land hung above the marine life, tempting with its lush vegetation, and the seas grew more crowded, with countless enemies preying upon one

another and a food supply growing constantly more restricted.

The surface-feeding fish devoured the insects and learned to break through the water and to spring into the air to seize their prey. The agile, bony fish had their golden age before the cool period began. Some of them were great fighters, as some are to-day. Some were able to travel overland from one pool to another, to which they were guided in some mysterious fashion. Some fish to-day, as must have the earlier, have a fear of man, show evidences of jealousy, have an elaborate courtship, and show signs of attachment to home. A strange organ, the lateral line, gives them an exquisite sense of motion. Respiration helped the fish to learn to live on land. Many have swimming bladders which they can empty or fill, changing their specific gravity so that they can go up or down. Inflation of the swimming bladder meant rising, exhaustion of the air, sinking, and from these swimming bladders lungs developed. Some persons have dreams in which they experience a strange sensation of rising and falling which corresponds with this development of levitation.

Fish learn from experience and are capable of being trained. Training a fish is a little like teach-

ing a man who is asleep. If we could know fish life we should probably have a psychology of no mean importance, for so much older than man is mind.

In the Carboniferous age the insects were the lords of creation and the grasshoppers appeared. Some of the insects had a wing-span of fourteen inches and the largest were a foot long. Winged organisms began to chirp, and hearing was at its beginning. In the air, in the water and on the earth the insects flourished, the most plastic of all forms of life.

To-day we can still study many of the forms which evolved so long ago, while other forms are represented now only by degenerate specimens. Insects construct intricate, typical homes, provide with sagacity for food for their young, domesticate other insects, rear slaves and pets, secrete wax, silk, poisons, organize communities, make balloons and diving bells, organize forays, fight battles, have modes of commerce, show memory and fear, are hypnotizable, develop habits of public hygiene, and have definite methods of treating the dead.

None of the higher vertebrates, certainly not man, compare with the insects in their perfect adjustment to life. The insects were longest lords of

creation and their activity and strength in proportion to their size are greater than those of any other forms on earth. If wisdom means adjustment the insects must have the most wisdom. If intelligence is adaptation there is more intelligence in the animal world than in the human. In the long period of development of vertebrate life there is no reason for thinking that it lacked consciousness. The insects may have lapsed from consciousness. We do not know that consciousness is the supreme development. It is a question whether we have the highest form of mind or whether the higher forms may not already have become extinct.

In the upward march of life there appeared the amphibia, and the reptiles, and the birds. The dinosaurs moved upon the land, gigantic creatures, leaving dainty, bird-like footprints later to puzzle inquisitive men, and the flying reptiles flew far out to sea in search of food. They were stupid, those great reptiles, with their unwieldy bodies and their tiny brains, and they grew all their lives, passing their days in a ceaseless struggle to get enough to eat—eating and eating in the attempt to keep ahead of the demands of their bodies. And they terrorized all the world about them, and some were vegetable feeders, seeking the tender plants, while others tore

the flesh of their prey with strong, cruel jaws. Perhaps they all got the same disease or perhaps they were too busy feeding themselves to look after the hungry young, for however it was, the great masters of the world passed away, monsters falling perhaps from selfishness.

At some stage of the great drama, cold-blooded, scaly reptiles were transformed into warm-blooded mammals, and by and by there were men, fearing snakes and making a myth of the Garden of Eden with the devil a degenerate dinosaur.

Then the glaciers came down over the land, edging farther and farther south, and queer ape-men, not yet fully erect, huddled in caves for warmth; and sociability developed and skins of other animals began to be worn, and modesty put in its appearance.

Before all this had come to pass the ancestors of man had descended from their early homes in the tree-tops. Perhaps they were hungry and perceived food walking insolently upon four feet on the ground, and perhaps their hands, with thumb opposed to fingers, cried out for other use than swinging from limb to limb. At any rate, down they came upon the earth and learned to fling a stone and to grasp a stick, whereby their killing power

was much enhanced, and their tails dwindled and vanished, only to appear sometimes in far-off human beings.

Perhaps some of them had dreadful times in the open spaces, such as to justify the horror which mad persons sometimes suffer at thought of like exposure. Those ancestors must have lived in the trees a long time to leave in the souls of men such a strong and intimate concern for trees, so that many of the great and beautiful myths of the world, and some of the strongest religions, are centered about the forest. Sometimes trees became sacred to the gods, and gods have spoken to men in the rustle of their leaves, and folk-lore has regarded the cutting down of trees as matricide. And there have been in the mythology of men the lovely hamadryads, and the oak that was sacred to Zeus, and Daphne transformed, while tree-worship is a stage through which all human races whose history is known have at one time passed.

As the hand was used the brain began to develop, for the mind of man is hand-made. Also the hand developed a new sex life and great new possibilities of stimulation, while erectness brought the body more sharply under observation. Here began the mystic Fall of Man and the subjection of the fe-

male, and sex became a pleasure for all the year and not a seasonal urge for perpetuating the breed.

And the glaciers came down upon the land, edging farther and farther south, and queer ape-men, not yet fully erect, huddled in caves for warmth; and sociability developed and thus the beginning of civilization. Men began to chip their flint implements more finely, with beautiful crisp lines, and fires were found to have many uses, and pottery grew into round and tender shapes. As the apes had long before developed their many cries, for pleasure and for warning of danger, man upon this slender basis of articulation made for himself a language, many languages. And presently, before modern man was even dreamed of, there were crops to be tended, and fish to be caught, and houses to be built over lakes or dug under ground, and statues were carved, obscene and idolatrous, and strange scenes were painted upon cave walls by lamp-light, and burial of the dead was in ordered form, with faces turned toward some now forgotten Mecca of men's hopes.

* * *

This is the story that Stanley Hall made for himself, this moving, inexplicable account of the growth of mind. When as a youth he had first been en-

chanted by the word 'evolution' it had seemed a word specially made to bring him faith, and he was never able to escape the glamour of a word. When he was an old man the glamour still held, and he was like a spectator at a play, waiting for the curtain to go up on the next scene, eager to know what would happen next.

He never for a moment admitted that the drama was over. To him there were always many acts still to come, and the hero was yet to climb higher hills to greater achievements. For why should man suppose himself the final end of creation? How could any one, glimpsing the mighty drama, suppose that it would stop here in this indecisive state? Eons had passed to furnish man with a mind, and yet there was no time for him to learn to use this mind. Hall felt that the superman must live for centuries, that only so may be developed all the infinite possibilities which we dare now only half suspect. The superman? The super-what? For who could tell what line of development might prove the worthiest for survival? The glorious process would go on, but man as we know him might easily prove a discarded product, not quite good enough for the high destiny which was always just ahead.

The scientist could easily admit that some other animal might very likely be the chosen one, but in his heart of hearts Hall must surely have hoped that that future lord of creation would prove to be a glorified New Englander. For though he thrilled to the story of insect and bird and mammal, in the last analysis they had meaning for him only in the suggested analogies with man and he valued them only as he saw in man vestiges of their simpler mental processes. He had a very warm and intimate concern with the hopes and aspirations of the human heart, and an interest which embraced schools and politics and religion, and ways of making love, and methods of washing clothes. And for all of these, from the clothes-washing to the love-making, he hoped for improvement.

His was a religion of uplift. He wanted things always to become better, and he was able, almost always, to live by the faith that they would become better, that they were even at the moment improving. He called himself an evolutionist, but he did not conceive of evolution as orderly change working either up or down—for him the direction was always upward.

He did not preach golden mansions in the sky; his was a message of fairer homes on earth and

nobler men and women to live in them. And above all, a childhood which should be all that a childhood might be. For there his hopes shone brightest—upon the child. He strove to understand the history of mind that he might understand the possibilities of a single child. He longed for the world to recognize the great possibilities of the human race if once the childhood of the world should be liberated from unworthy shackles. He was a crusading knight, riding to the rescue of the distressed, and he was able to enlist countless others under the banner that proclaimed the ideal of a wholesome and happy childhood.

In the story of evolution he found the appeal of the fairy-tale wherein the Cinder lad rises from the ashes and goes adventuring into a strange and glittering world, there to claim the fairy princess as his own. And despite his attempt at scientific detachment, man was the protagonist of all his hopes, man the hero who was yet to go on a new and fair adventure. Never giving up the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters, he was able to see man casting aside all pettiness and all weakness, once for all. He was able to see man shaking off the incubus of his Old Man of the Sea, striding forward to untold possibilities, taking on gigantic

proportions of majesty and of beauty as he moves forward against the light that shines on other worlds.

It may seem a strange, austere and unsatisfying religion that this New England lad, fresh from orthodoxy, made for himself. In its separate items it is cold, even hard, certainly inhuman as we use the word. Yet no man ever had a more tender concern for humanity, no one could be more personal than he in his absorption in the problems of a friend, and it was his religion that informed his interest and gave him the certainty that there was hope for even the lowest of human creatures.

In its more human aspects his religion took on the gospel of morale, of the personal holiness of keeping at the tip-top of condition, of our individual responsibility to make the most of ourselves, personally, socially, intellectually, to draw for our own personal use upon the great racial reservoirs of energy. He felt that the racial unconscious is hid away in each of us, a vast store of power to be tapped by those worthy. He believed in humanity, in democracy, in the youth movement, in the woman soul which 'leads us upward and onward,' in human kindness and helping one another and in a great many other things for which he had no justification

but the warmth of his own feelings. He was as human as any other man but his greatness consisted not so much in this as in his rarer capacity to revere and give his life for the pursuit of knowledge. Yet never for a moment did he value science save as it gives meaning and value to human life. And in this some will hold that he failed, and fell away from his high estate, and others will hold that only so did he justify his own life.

"Man," he once wrote, "had a most insignificant origin—a finger-long worm with a withy spine; then a timid, tiny frugivorous creature for whom there was no safety save in trees. Then there was a long and doubtful struggle whether he or the great carnivora should be lords of creation for he was few and his enemies many. But during all this time he was acquiring unprecedented power of docility and adaptation, and the evolutionary urge focused on his species as its own chosen son. For ages, too, he quailed before creatures of his own imagination which he fancied real and potent, and only now is he beginning to realize that he is truly supreme in all the universe we know and that there is nothing above or beyond him. Thus, progress consists solely in the subjection of nature to man and of his own instincts to reason and his selfish interests to the

common good, and man sees his destiny, which is to rule the world within and without by the power that comes from knowledge."

He declared that now science has become for man his organ of apprehension by which he must make his sovereignty complete and that research is man's highest function. Hall could grow poetic over the joys of research, expressing himself in sentences which are stimulating and at times even beautiful. But he could also express himself in sentences which end in surprising flatness and he had a positive gift for anticlimax. Of research he declared that the "investigator feels the pristine sense of freshness and newness in the world which we often postulate for the primitive Aryan, the ideal Arcadian, and Andalusian, which are suggested by springtide and by youth. The sensation of discovery brings all this back and gilds the world again with an old and forgotten glory, for it is the most intense pleasure of which noble souls are capable."

Hall was a mystic not afraid of mixing science and mysticism, and that he made a religion of his science, with its ultimate aim the pursuit and discovery of truth, is made very clear in his writings of the church and the university invisible. "The

members of this new church," he declared, "are those who feel the call to make some original contribution of their own toward either its plan or its further structure, for the true university is, after all, only found in the investigator's state of mind. All through the history of the church, as Renan has shown, ran a faith generally submerged but which had many timid outcrops that in the fullness of time there was to come a new, third dispensation superseding the old, namely, the dispensation of the Spirit. It is that into which we are now summoned to enter. Have we the virtue to hear and heed the call?"

Hall himself was never lacking in the *virtu* of the strong man and we know that long ago he was able to hear and heed his call.

CHAPTER X

An Old Man Looks at Death and Is Not Afraid

I certainly illustrate the principle that as life advances we love it not less but more, for the habit of living grows so strong with years that it is ever harder to break it.

My first and hardest duty of all is to realize that I am really and truly old.

Senescence, The Last Half of Life.

An Old Man Looks at Death

WHEN a man is long past seventy, when the turnstile of eighty is not far ahead, it requires courage to make a complete change in his way of living. Nothing in Hall's long life became him more than his manner of relinquishing the power and the interests that had been his so long. One day he was the President of a University which he had himself created from nothing; the next day he was an old man out of a job who was very soon to look on in silence at the destruction of what had been his dearest hopes. There was something brave and gallant in his delivering of everything that had been his into the keeping of a new and younger President. But that new and younger President was seemingly unable to perceive this gallantry and was apparently ignorant of the priceless heritage he had received.

It is conceivable that the hearts of college presidents may hunger after football fields and stadiums above all other things, but such a President should not have come to Clark. To Professor Wallace

W. Atwood, a popular Harvard teacher of geography, the University must have seemed a poor and shabby place. Clark was poor and bare. Both the College and the University were stripped of as many of the folderols of academic life as was possible. In this over-stuffed age Clark's poverty was one of its saving graces. In surroundings of such poverty, loving, careful work in library or laboratory had to compensate for the lack of fancy-dress atmosphere. The library was a thing to dream of, with all the books that could be desired and encouraging possibilities of ordering any special technical monograph that a student might find necessary. The laboratories were in general in splendid condition and there was always more apparatus and more space than was needed. Here was indeed a university which allowed room for its students to think in.

Moreover, the social life was of the simplest—a monthly dance, an occasional fraternity party, and now and then one of the instructors had a small gathering in his home. Hall's Monday night seminars, which he conducted in his home for thirty years, had their place also as a genuine part of the social life. The boys had gymnasium classes and games, and when the weather permitted they

played soccer on one end of the campus. But there were no expensive coaches; there were no athletic subsidies for brawny boneheads; there were—the disgrace will out!—no organized intercollegiate contests. And what is a college without athletics? Merely a place to read in, and perhaps to think in. President Atwood early showed himself concerned over the dangers of allowing students to think, as witness his turning out the lights on the memorable occasion when Scott Nearing addressed the Liberal Club. Furthermore, the University had no great amount of social standing in the city of Worcester. It was never considered at all *smart*. And that too may be distressing to a college President, though such a President should not have come to Clark.

After thirty-one years of service President Hall resigned from the University and President Sanford from the College, and the two positions were united under a man who was almost completely their opposite. It was a tragedy for President Atwood that he should have departed from his position as a capable and successful teacher of geography to lose himself in the troubled waters of executive details. It was a tragedy for Dr. Sanford that, far from well, he should have continued to act as professor where

he had been President, to find himself divided between an old allegiance and a new and led into subtleties and strained positions which must have been painful both to his gentleness and to his integrity, so that his death a few years later was a release from a difficult situation. It was a tragedy of sharper kind for Arthur Gordon Webster, who, the morning after a conference with President Atwood, went down to his physics laboratory while his students were coming in to the classroom and shot himself twice through the head, leaving a pitiful note which showed his consuming terror of losing his job. And for others, professors and students, Clark was a place of tragedy in greater or less degree, with more than one drawing near to the verge of mental disease because of the obsessive burdens they carried.

However, the story of Clark University and its destruction will not be told here. In brief but admirable form it is given by Harry Elmer Barnes in "Clark University—an Adventure" and in more detailed fashion by the committee appointed by the American Association of University Professors to investigate and report upon the situation created by the new presidency. It is with the old man across the street that we are most concerned, that

rare and clever old man who watched and waited and said not a word of what he was thinking and planning in his heart.

The new President and the old lived side by side and from his window Dr. Hall could see President Atwood cross the street to the University. That old man watching across the street would seize on visitors with almost a despairing eagerness, as one who would cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" He had such slender means of knowing what was going on, and he had such an urgent desire to know everything. Thirty-one years of his life hung in the balance, and the scales held by a blind fate dipped slowly but surely against him. "He never comes in here," the old President whispered about the new, and then went hastily on to assure the doubting ones that all would come well, that the new President was an able man and must be given all possible encouragement.

Hall's Jesuitical tendencies were never more irritating than in such discussions. He pumped his visitors dry and gave them in return little but suave statements which neither believed. But the thing that he was meditating could best be done without any words. There was one final service which he could render Clark, and presently he was to do it,

almost casually, but with an effect which he must have carefully calculated to his own final satisfaction. He had always worked hard and saved money and denied himself many things to which he seemed entitled, so that his fortune proved larger than any one had suspected. When his will was read it was found that he had left the major portion of his estate for the founding at Clark of a chair of genetic psychology, and thus from being the chief stepchild psychology became again one of the prized possessions of the University. The perpetuation of a strong department of psychology at Clark was for Hall one of his chief guarantees of immortality, and with a rare combination of casuistry and perhaps a little malice, with magnanimity and with simple, childlike faith in the future, he restored psychology to an important position in the University of his creation.

Before this was to happen, however, he had to be the witness of a great deal of puzzling, even futile, destruction. The graduate departments that suffered most were those of psychology, sociology, biology, chemistry, and physics. According to Dr. Barnes, President Atwood had expected that "with the establishment of his Graduate School of Geography with a much larger faculty than any competing

department could command, these other departments would become merely benign and amusing side-shows to the main circus conducted in the geography tent. To his surprise and indignation, however, the side-shows persisted in commanding more attention than the circus itself. . . . Faced with this situation President Atwood could do one of two things. He could quietly resign himself in a statesmanlike fashion to being president of a growing institution in which the conspicuous new department of geography would be condemned to an inferior position, in spite of grossly disproportionate expenditures for its maintenance, or he could make geography the most prominent by various negative policies designed to decrease or discourage registration in competing departments, and to lead popular professors in these departments to choose positions elsewhere."

That the latter policy was adopted was manifest in the increasing number of resignations from 1922 onward. Professors Boring and Pratt went to Harvard, Hankins and Barnes to Smith and Amherst, Kraus to Brown, Porter to Ohio. "By thus killing the side-shows, geography was veritably become the circus, though history can still boast of a larger number of graduate students than the School of

Geography." In spite of this, however, the verdict of the Committee of the American Association of University Professors was that "it would not appear that there has as yet been a close approach to the realization of establishing at Worcester a school of geographical research 'unique in America and pre-eminent in its special field.' "

That Hall was at first greatly interested in the development of the new School of Geography is as certain as that toward the end he took a distinctly human satisfaction from the fact that with everything in its favor and everything against some of the old departments these latter continued to stand out. Hall had always been interested in all the sciences and he was entirely ready to take a great and stimulating interest in developments in geography at Clark. But the developments did not materialize, and a man who had never paid a great deal of attention to the routine details of his own science could not be expected to manifest much enthusiasm for the technique of coloring maps, however prettily this might be done.

When Hall the President went out from the University for the last time he looked death in the face. He had known that he would have that hoary opponent with him from this time on, and he had

made certain preparations for making the best of it. He knew very well that a man as old as he, giving up his life work, was in danger of a rapid and ultimate decline. But he had no intention of following this conventional path. He intended to live just as long as he could. So he gave Death a very steady scrutiny and began to make notes upon the enemy's approach. One can imagine his thinking that if he must take death as a companion he might as well get what sorry fun could be found in such a situation.

At once he began to take stock of himself, of his body, his mind, his hopes and fears, his unsatisfied desires. He had specialists go over his lungs and heart and liver, he took advice as to what he should eat and drink and smoke, and then he proceeded to live as he pleased, finding an exhilarating delight in this semblance of youthful carelessness. He sat down to study the fact that he was an old man, and he was able to rise from his months of meditation and of writing with the conviction that now that he had accepted the truth he need act neither too old nor too young to get still much savor out of life. He faced the fact that he was going to die. He brought himself to admit that very soon he would be dead, that hardest of all hard truths to

admit. And he did not wish to die. The love of life, rather than the fear of what is to come after death, brought, he felt, the death-terror, and it was this terror that he fought and finally vanquished.

Having made the final break with the University and entertained himself with the conflicting views of medical specialists as to the proper treatment of old age, Hall set himself the task of cleaning house —going over old notes, letters and pamphlets. He burned his mother's letters, he read once more the notes he had taken as a young man such long years ago in Germany, he dug out his early compositions of childhood and smiled over them and concluded that indeed some of them were not so bad. He must have known many moments of that curious thrill which comes of reading some forgotten manuscript —the start with which we recognize our favorite phrases, the shock of unexpected crudeness, the half shame, half pride which comes with the thought that we did this long, long ago and left here a further extension of our personality, a further insurance against oblivion, however poor the actual attempt may be.

He wrote his autobiography and made his will— that curious will, which he so hated to make and

made so badly, perversely drawing it up himself. The autobiography brought him a tremendous feeling of release from himself. After a lifetime of diplomacy now at last he could speak freely. He even boasted a little about the revelations he was making. Yet at this moment of greatest expansion he wrote a chapter which he said could never be published during his lifetime and which he intimated he had stored away in his safe. He was not sure for that matter that any of his confessions could safely be published while he was alive. His friends and perhaps his enemies looked forward with excitement to reading the life story of such a man, but when it appeared the habit of repression had proved too strong for the writer. Here and there were passages in which he had analyzed himself or his surroundings with the utmost frankness, as in the description of his corrupt little New England school, but when it came to telling a simple, straightforward story of personal details he failed lamentably. Thus the *Life and Confessions of a Psychologist* is a strange mingling of abrupt confessions, irritating repressions or covering over, and pages of scientific writing—some of his best. The chapters on "Some Educational Changes" and "Progress in Psychology" should be read by every

student of these subjects. The autobiography is not the flowing story of a life, it is the brilliant, though static, account of the mind of an old and remarkable man. He had been a maker of phrases all his life, he had been a little terrible to younger men who strove to deal with him because they could never be certain of what he meant, and this is the picture revealed of him in the *Life*. A man who has curtained his soul from the light of day for seventy-five years cannot suddenly expose himself; the curtains have grown to be an integral part of the man himself.

With the autobiography finished, though not yet published, Hall turned to the writing of *Senescence, The Last Half of Life*, in which is revealed as much of the man himself as anywhere in his writings save in the collection called *Recreations of a Psychologist*. Then there were articles to be written for the journals: "Old Age," for the *Atlantic;* "Gesture, Mimesis, Types of Temperament, and Movie Pedagogy," for the *Pedagogical Seminary;* "The Message of the *Zeitgeist*" for the *Scientific Monthly;* "Notes on the Psychology of Recreation," *Ped. Sem.* again; "Flapper Americana Novissima," for the *Atlantic;* "Salvaging Civilization," for the *Century;* "Can the Masses Rule the World?" for the

Scientific Monthly; and that curious, delightful and annoyingly anonymous and posthumous article on the Virgin Birth which appeared in *Ped. Sem.*

There was so much to be written! He hoped to do better work than he had ever done and believed that his most genuine contributions were still to come. Yet with all this crying out to be done he refused to let work dominate his life. He became very gay socially, going out to dinners and club meetings, taking in the plays that came to Worcester and going regularly to the movies. He opened his house to a music recital and welcomed his guests with his beautiful, formal courtesy, a thin, fine old figure of indisputable presence. Invited out for the evening, he would cross the lawn with a sort of swing, very burnished and shining for his party. After a speech by a visiting celebrity he left word that a little group was to come over to his house to smoke and talk, and hurried away to put things in order. But the younger people were tired and wanted to go to bed, so the old man did not get his party that night—it seems a pity now. Music and novels and plays and parties, they made life richer for him. Surely, he felt, if there was ever to be time for him to play it must be now.

A good deal of the playing was a little like whis-

tling in the dark. Seventy-seven, a leaf off the daily calendar, seventy-eight, another year and another leaf. It is growing harder and harder to tear off the calendar. We can imagine his meditating on the possibility of leaving the leaf untouched till the day after the birthday, thinking perhaps it would be easier then, and we can imagine his resolutely refusing himself such pampering. Seventy-nine, how the years fly! There was a party that night and an old student came to take him out. "Dr. Hall, have you torn the leaf off your calendar?" "Yes," the old man peered into the mirror to see if his tie was quite correct and answered as simply as a child, "but I hated to do it."

The foe of superstition, he nevertheless realized the influence superstition may have. Passing the birthday, he had found in his studies of old men, sometimes assumed a mystic significance. There was a special meaning in the decile points. Old men nearly died, or actually did die, because they could not get over the doorstep into the sixtieth or seventieth year. He had passed the seventieth doorstep and the eightieth was drawing near. "I must, if I can, look death, which certainly cannot be very far off, calmly in the face." When the final moment came there must be no terror, no graceless

whining or drawing back, but only a quiet acceptance of the established reality. A man may fight death off as long as possible, but when the end comes he should not be a coward.

What did he, Stanley Hall, puritan, pagan, philosopher, poet and sometimes scientist, want of death? This question he faced a long time and he arrived finally and certainly at the answer—nothing. "Psychogenetically," he wrote, "the old lust for personal immortality has made man now more anxious to prolong and enlarge this mundane life. We can no longer postpone our ideas of happiness. The great and good things man once expected beyond he now strives to attain here. . . . The great hope so many have lived and died by will be fulfilled, every jot and tittle of it, not in our own lives but in the perfect man whose heralds we are without knowing it. Death visions will come true more gloriously than the dying thought. They hunger for more life but the perfect man will die of satiety passing over into aversion and the story will be completed not in a later number but in this."

All he wanted of death was the opportunity to live as long and as fully as possible. His aim was to realize all desires and to live himself completely out, but if this could not be achieved then he

schooled himself to face the coming extinction with calmness if not with equanimity. It is easy enough for the young to disclaim a belief in immortality. They have never really faced the fact that they are going to die. When the sap is strong it is impossible to realize the certain, inevitable end. But when a very old man takes stock of immortality the issue is a different one. The will to believe is so strong that every little while the world hears the story of some noted scientist who has whimperingly embraced the Church in the hope of finding protection from his fears of coming death. Of Sir Oliver Lodge, Hall declared that all the world must sympathize with the heart-broken parent but that he would not be invited to speak at Clark because his acceptance of spiritualism was a 'scientific scandal.' When he came to his own prospects for a future life Hall was no less uncompromising.

"The will-to-live, the struggle for survival, the *élan vital*, libido, etc.," he wrote, "are only new names given to the impelling forces of the growth-urge in its higher stages, but these have become types and symbols, if a bit anthropomorphic, of all the more basal and earlier processes by which the homogeneous tends to differentiate itself. Thus we may conceive the universe as being from the first

in labor to produce life. Everything that lives hungers to do so more intensely. . . . But death, ghastly, inevitable death is our goal. It is the great and universal negation of life and coregent with it of the world. . . . The fear of death or of life-abatement for the individual is no whit less pervasive and dominant than are love and hunger, which are so often said to rule the world. . . . Man became man when he knew that he must die, and to defer or escape death has been the basal motivation of all his culture."

Hall declared that man's belief in a soul and in a future life in which that soul should survive grew out of this fear of life-abatement, and that Christianity particularly had made use of the death and resurrection of Jesus as the mainspring of its faith. "But despite all the realistic pedagogy of the church the conviction of another life is very rapidly fading from the modern consciousness. . . . This belief persists, thus, only as a dead article of faith which men no longer live by." The venerable belief in personal immortality is "selfishness transcendentalized so as to subordinate every other goal in life to that of insuring our own happiness in a post-mortem world."

Now we are coming at last, he felt, to a realiza-

tion that a belief in this personal immortality is really motivated by a deeper belief in racial immortality. "The race is immortal, at least back to the first protozoan and indeed indefinitely beyond. And so, in the future, our race and it only is immortal to the cosmic end. If we are tips of the twigs of a vast buried tree, these twigs may become themselves roots of a yet greater one and even a true superman may yet be born in the line of any of us." A great part of the good done in the world, he held, came from the desire to make the world better for posterity, and he felt that there are real satisfactions to be gained from this plasmal immortality.

But there is an immortality apart from the survival of the soul, the immortality of the name, the immortality of influence through work, and the immortality through offspring—an immortality which is new and which comes from the "lure of the infinitesimal elements which science now finds at the basis of the universe. . . . Matter is so active and subtle that the modern conceptions of it that have come from the study of radium make us feel that in a sense it is more spiritual than we have ever conceived spirit itself to be. In this new world, which may be homogeneous with mind, there is nothing like death anywhere to be found, and there

is an unbroken gradation from the corporative unity of electrons in an atom up to the aggregations of man in society—and some think further still. On this view death is not only non-existent but inconceivable. . . . The disintegration of our elements is the harvest-home back to the cosmos from which we arose and may involve increase, not decrease, to the sum total of good . . . we may conclude that a 'living being is always living' and back of this life merges by imperceptible gradations into the larger life of the cosmos."

It is entirely fitting that a man who could make a religion out of evolution should find his immortality in the survival guaranteed by chemistry and physics. That his mind played with such notions and that he actually found satisfaction in this conception of immortality cannot be doubted, but neither can it be doubted that the old lust for living was left as strong or stronger in him by such a survey of future possibilities.

Coming down into the shadows of his eightieth year an old man looked death in the face and refused to be afraid. He felt that he had had his share of tragedies in this world, and, on the whole, his share of happiness. There had been twice the personal tragedy, once from death and once from

insanity, and there had been twice the academic tragedy. Twice before his eyes he had seen Clark crushed, apparently ruined or at least distorted from all that he had meant it to be, twice he had rallied to carry on in the determination to make the best of things and both times he had managed to salvage much of value. Watching the University under its new administration he must have felt his own immortality of influence to hang by a thread. Yet even this last terror did not daunt him. He faced extinction in the next world and forgetfulness in this with an equally calm dignity and managed to light his last cigar with the air of one who had never had so good a smoke before.

CHAPTER XI

Passing of the Playboy

Are you not called upon to make a very great adjustment, and, if you have the elevation of the soul to make it, won't you look back upon it in the future as the very greatest of your achievements, to make a virtue of necessity?

From a letter to a student.

Passing of the Playboy

THE time draws on and the time draws on. When a man is old how the time draws on! Day by day the imagined books pile up, a fair high mountain. Daily the thoughts come thronging in. How much there is to write, how wonderfully much! And how short the time must be!

If old age has any special meaning or value to the world, and Hall was convinced that it does have such meaning and value, then old people must learn to make their contribution known. The flagging of sex desires, the diminution of ambition's urge, should permit old men to walk in a clearer, simpler world and to catch visions of man's high estate not permitted those too much engrossed in the routine of living. Hall wanted increasingly to give something to the world, to make some finer contribution than he had ever made. As he grew older he tended to emphasize more and more the dominant place of the emotions in man's life and to see how greatly this phase of psychology had been neglected. The great book on the emotions was yet

to be done, and he felt that he had it in him to do. He must have prayed to whatever gods there were to stay their hands yet a little while, to grant him out of the immensity of years a little longer time to live and work.

The seventy-ninth birthday passed, with its dinner where Sanford, Burnham, Boring, Pratt, Young and Fryer sat and joked and argued about psychology while the guest of honor contributed the finest urbanity and the keenest wit to the discussion. He was urbane and delightful except in that moment when, each taking up the small mechanical puzzle at his plate, Hall discovered that he had been given a particularly easy one. He did not quite like that and showed for an instant the flashing refusal of the old man to admit his age.

The seventy-ninth birthday passed and he was in his eightieth year. Soon there would be the eightieth birthday to pass. Men have difficulty in getting through those august turnstiles into another decade. He must have thought of that sometimes in his faithful round between his study and the Library.

It is a strange thing that even in his old age Hall could still inspire such violent feelings of love or hate, could be still the victim of curious

animosities. There was the Library now, which he had made, and a little man, whom also he had made, turning upon him violently, ordering him out of the building, slamming the door in his face. So could fear of losing a job, and a newer, fresher loyalty, and—who knows?—perhaps a hidden delight in turning against one who had been so absolute a master in the old days, transform a 'best friend.' And Hall, back in his home, amazed at his ejection, for once could not repress himself, and talked to a student, questioning the reason why, refusing to see the so obvious reason. He showed no rancor at this breaking of a friendship of half a lifetime, only amazement and pain. "He's a sick man, a sick man," he defended his friend from the student's bitterness. And the friend's name was found in the will of the old man whom he had driven out of the Library.

Hall was incapable of realizing the malevolence of which petty souls are capable. In those lonesome latter years a great many things happened which puzzled him and to which he refused to attach the most likely interpretations. Perhaps he could not see what a fierce old dictator he had been or how men of lesser caliber, even though they admired and loved him in a way, could find a certain

delight now in denying him their loyalty, in metaphorically thumbing their noses at what they had once feared. He could ride men's wills in so imperious a fashion, could drive so relentlessly ahead to what he had determined should be, that he had never had time to realize the wreckage of other men's hopes and vanities which he left along the way. Least of all could he realize how these lesser men could treasure petty wrongs in their hearts, looking for a day of reckoning. So when he received some further slight or blow, in those last years, he seemed to turn to the man who had given it in the amazement of a child who feels himself punished without cause. And how he sought for reasons for those slights, and found them, falsely, all his psychology breaking down. He refused to see the worst that was in men and the depths to which hate and fear could make them sink. Very likely he was, as he appeared, incapable of seeing that worst, and this very defect in his perceptions made him a leader who could inspire men to realize their best possibilities.

But all those slights and hurts that came to him at the last, when he had no more power, must have given him his dark moments. There were so many men in the world over whom he had labored through

long hours. He had been the midwife to so many of their best efforts and only he knew how much labor it had cost him to bring them safely through the period of creation. Once he said that there were so many old students from whom he never heard save when they were looking for a job. Then Webster's death had particularly oppressed him, so that for days he went about doing little but repeating the words, "Terrible! Terrible!" He seemed to feel almost a little responsible, as if somehow he should have known what his friend was meditating, as if he should have been able to forecast the actions of this impulsive scientist whom he had seen grow to maturity in his own faculty. He had known how discouraged and fearful the physicist was, and he seemed to feel that he should have been closer to him, so that he might have checked the hand that reached for the pistol.

So many discouragements were in that last year, and yet the old man would not be downed. The books were coming along, things were getting done. The greatest satisfaction of accomplishment was almost his. Two more months and he would have the book on the youth movement ready for the publisher.

The eightieth birthday now, and he was in his

eighty-first year. There seemed to be no reason why he should not go on for years, losing a little flesh, eating a little less, growing a little feebler, but living on and working on. The great work on the emotions seemed close ahead.

Then he was taken ill. But of course he was not going to die. He simply refused to think of that. And he was not to die from the first disease, nor from the second. Indeed, he might have been proud of the various attacks which death had to make in order to vanquish the tenacious life in that spare, strong body, and his determination might have won the victory had not an old tired heart deserted him and a terminal two-day pneumonia come to hasten the end.

So little would he admit that the final battle might go against him that he failed to make any suggestions as to what he might want done at the end. He seemed to feel that he must practice a superb mental hygiene, that the armor of his confidence must have no chinks in it through which the enemy could stab.

It was not that he was afraid of death but that he was so determined to live. He would not imperil his chances of life by thinking of death, although to a friend who bent over him one day he

cheerfully announced that he was not afraid, that there were no terrors of the beyond stretching out long, ghostly arms to frighten him. He had met death in imagination two years before and he had fought out the battle then, when he had written *Senescence*, and it must have brought pleasure to him to find that in this actual encounter fear was still and utterly absent.

He was so grateful to his son Robert for coming all that way across the continent to see him. He seemed almost to deprecate such an effort on his behalf. When he was better he would reimburse his son for such an expenditure. But meantime he would like to be read to. Hour after hour the reading went on. He had been read to now for many years, in several languages, heavy disquisitions on almost every subject in the world, but at the last he could bear only the lightest of fiction.

They must not think him so ill. He believed that he could get up. Time and again he revived this idea and tried to leave his bed. He began to plan what he would do. There was the study, where he had worked so long, where he had still so much to do. There was the book on the youth movement only two months off from completion, there was the *magnum opus* on the emotions to

beckon him on. He became convinced that the effect of visiting the study would be immensely therapeutic, that his *morale* must be inevitably raised by the countless stimulations which would pour in upon him from the old room. If only he could get into his study!

So they brought a wheel chair and bore the indomitable old man into the shabby room which held so many memories of the best part of his life. Here he had thought some of his best thoughts. Here he had done that best of all things, good work. Here he had examined students, privately, by the hour, probing delicately into the secret places of their minds, searching for the true gold. Here he had listened to confessions from hundreds of troubled men and women. Within this room he had touched all of life, at one time or another. Here he had swung his chair back and put his feet on the top of the desk till they had worn a little groove there; here he had smoked thousands of deliciously vile five-cent cigars.

An old man came rolling into his study, into the room whose crowding memories should inspire him, if anything could, to seize a firmer, bolder hold on life.

And the old man crumpled up in his chair, heart-

breakingly defeated, and had to be taken back at once to death. A moment of terror must have touched him then, the terror that comes when once we accept the denial of all our hopes. He had placed such hopes upon the study, and the study had failed him.

He would not talk of death but he told a friend that he could see it was going to be a long, hard pull if he ever did get well. His reticence about his feelings was upon him still and neither Robert Hall, himself a physician, nor the attending doctors would violate that reticence to tell him that the end was near. It would have taken a bold and presumptuous man to tell Stanley Hall something he did not plan to have discussed. At last they all knew the truth, but there was a confederacy of silence in the sick room, because the old man there on the bed would have it so.

But there was something he must do, one thing he could say. He had always been gentle with women, and here was a woman who had been kind to him. He had only a day left to him when he roused himself determinedly, to perform one last act of courtesy, and told the nurse how he wished to thank her for all her goodness and patience and how he feared he had been a great care.

There was a silly little song that he had liked back in the early days when the world stretched new before him, and a young wife was by his side, and children to be amused by a bit of nonsense:

> A little peach in a garden grew,
> A little peach of emerald hue,
> *Listen to my tale of woe.*

And the children must have listened with round eyes, trying to keep back their giggles over the sad story, fearful that they would miss father's stamping around and his most comical emphasis.

> Tom took a bite and Sue took a chew,
> And then the trouble began to brew,
> Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
> *Listen to my tale of woe.*

He liked primitive rhythms, as childlike people do, and through the years that silly little song that he had chanted to his children was carried in his memory till it came popping up at his shadowed bedside and begged to be sung once more. And the old man went quite through the little song, giving it its very best emphasis, for he must have felt that he should do his best by the song this time, in case it never came back to him again.

Under the sod where the daisies grew,
They planted Tom and his Sister Sue,
Boo-Hoo, Boo-Hoo,
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Listen – to – my – tale – of – woe.

He did his best by the little song, for he had come to the last time when he could do anything for it. But there were other songs he sang, in his thin old voice, and there was nonsense to be talked quite seriously and jokes to be told, simple jokes that had started on a New England farm. And so he came to the end, with courage and with nonsense and with courtesy that did not falter.

Men die and become a thing of horror, and are forgot, and this is well enough. A playboy passed in Worcester, his last race won, his last flight upon the storm winds ended. A little of the youth of the world died with him, a little of man's strongest aspirations. Those books he wanted to write are not written, those thoughts he wanted to express are gone, but Clark University is through his bequest a little returned to him and to psychology, and out in Oregon a small G. Stanley Hall is growing up. Thus is granted him the immortality of the name and of a spreading influence—so little finally for his eager, questing spirit. But those who cared for

him may be glad that he died in the faith that he had lived by, that in man is man's own highest fulfillment and that before humanity stretches a future of illimitable possibilities. And they may be glad that he could go to his accepted annihilation grandly, with courtesy that did not fail, with nonsense on his lips and courage in his heart.

A Chronological Outline

Granville Stanley Hall was born February 1, 1844,* at Ashfield, Massachusetts, on his grandfather's farm. His father, Granville Bascom Hall, was a descendant of Elder William Brewster, who came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620 with his wife and two sons. Other paternal ancestors included John Hall, who came from Coventry, England, in 1630, in the fleet with Governor Winthrop, and settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The mother, Abigail Beals, was a descendant of John Alden. His father was the fourth of nine children, eight of whom lived, while his mother was the fourth of eight children, all of whom were alive at the time of her marriage. Stanley was the first child born to his parents. He had one brother, Robert Beals, and one sister, Julina Orpha. The brother entered the ministry, while the sister was for a time a teacher.

* This summary has been taken largely from a "Biographical Sketch" by Louis N. Wilson and "Granville Stanley Hall" by Edmund C. Sanford, both published in the memorial volume issued by the Clark University Library in May, 1925. At least two discrepancies in years are to be found in this volume, while Hall's own accounts in *Who's Who* and in *The Life and Confessions of a Psychologist* offer further contradictions. The exact date of his birth appears now to be definitely established as 1844 and the biography has been made to conform with this date, rather than with what Hall himself apparently thought to be true, namely, that he was born in 1846; it is certain that any discussion of such minor details would have brought from him an ironic smile and a statement that the date of a man's birth is of little importance—that what definitely counts is the certainty that he *lived.*

In 1863 young Hall entered Williams College at Williamstown, Massachusetts, from which he was graduated in 1867. At the end of his course he was made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity and he delivered an oration entitled "Philanthropy" at the Commencement exercises. At college he sang in the music society, played chess, participated in rhetorical contests and helped edit the college paper.

On entering college he gave as his 'probable profession' the ministry. This was his mother's choice for him, but by his sophomore year he had begun to doubt seriously the wisdom of this choice. He thought a good deal about the possibilities of a literary career, but when he left college there seemed nothing else for him to do but prepare for the ministry. Accordingly in 1867 he entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York City where he worked for a year without much enthusiasm. Upon preaching his trial sermon he gave expression to such heterodox opinions that Dr. Skinner, instead of criticizing the sermon, fell upon his knees and prayed for the young skeptic. It was Henry Ward Beecher, whose church he had joined, who perceived that Hall was more interested in philosophy than in theology and advised him to go to Germany to study. Through Beecher's influence Henry Williams Sage, the benefactor of Cornell University, lent Hall the money for his first trip abroad.

In May, 1868, Hall left New York on a steamer sailing for Rotterdam. He studied in Germany until the spring of 1870, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out and the University was closed early. Hall obtained a position as war correspondent but in the fall he returned to Berlin to resume his studies. The next year he returned to New

York, having failed to obtain a teaching position, and re-entered Union Seminary, taking his B.D. degree within a few months. During the summer he acted as pastor to a little church in Cowdersport, Pennsylvania. Returning to New York he became tutor in the family of Jesse Seligman, the banker.

In 1872, through the activities of a friend, Hall entered upon his first professorial work at Antioch College, where he remained for four years, during which period he met his first wife. At the end of the college year, 1876, he left Antioch to return to Germany on his savings from his $1500 salary. While visiting his brother in Cambridge he met President Eliot and was offered a tutorship in English at Harvard at a salary of $1000. He remained at Harvard for two years, laboriously correcting themes and apparently getting no nearer to an opportunity to teach philosophy or psychology. While at Harvard he formed the friendship of William James and worked at research in the Medical School, offering a thesis for the doctorate in June, 1878, on "The Muscular Perception of Space." Immediately after receiving the Ph.D. degree he left for a second trip to Germany.

In Berlin he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Cornelia Fisher, to whom he was married in September, 1879. For the following year the young couple kept house in Leipzig, next door to Fechner, Hall studying with Wundt and Ludwig.

After a total of four full years of study in Germany, Hall returned with his wife in September, 1880, and without a position in prospect started housekeeping in four rooms on the outskirts of Somerville, Massachusetts. Shortly after his return he was invited to give a series of lectures under

the auspices of Harvard University, tickets to be sold for the course at five dollars. The lectures were well attended and he repeated the course the following year.

In 1881 Hall was invited to lecture at Johns Hopkins, the new University founded in 1876. The following year he was offered a lectureship for the purpose of building up a psychological laboratory. Hall took up his residence in Baltimore at the opening of the college year 1882-1883. In 1887 he founded the *American Journal of Psychology*. In 1888 he was invited to become the first president of Clark University, which Jonas Clark, a retired merchant, had decided to found at Worcester, Massachusetts. This offer he accepted, resigned from Hopkins, leaving his journal in the hands of Edmund C. Sanford, and returned to Europe where he visited every country except Portugal in the next nine months, collecting information to aid him in the organization of the new university. On April 25, 1889, he opened his office at Clark and put in five strenuous months preparing for the opening on October 2. From 1892 to 1902 he conducted that University on an income of $28,000 a year. Mr. Clark died in 1900 and when his will was made public it was found that he had provided definitely for an undergraduate College with which Dr. Hall could have no connection. The two institutions continued side by side, using the same buildings but under separate heads, until September, 1920, when Dr. Wallace W. Atwood became, upon the resignation of President Hall and President Sanford, head of both institutions.

From the time of his resignation to his death on April 24, 1924, Hall devoted himself to completing certain books and articles which had long been under way. His first wife and daughter had died in 1890 and he had remarried July

27, 1899. His second wife was Miss Florence E. Smith of Newton, Massachusetts, recently deceased. His family by his first wife consisted of Robert Granville, born February 7, 1881, and Julia Fisher, born May 30, 1882. He is survived by his son, Robert G. Hall, M.D., a children's specialist practicing in Portland, Oregon. His library has been given to Clark University and by the terms of his will his residuary estate was left as a fund of which the income should be devoted to the promotion of study and research in genetic psychology at Clark University. When certain life interests have expired it is estimated that this foundation will consist of about $190,000.